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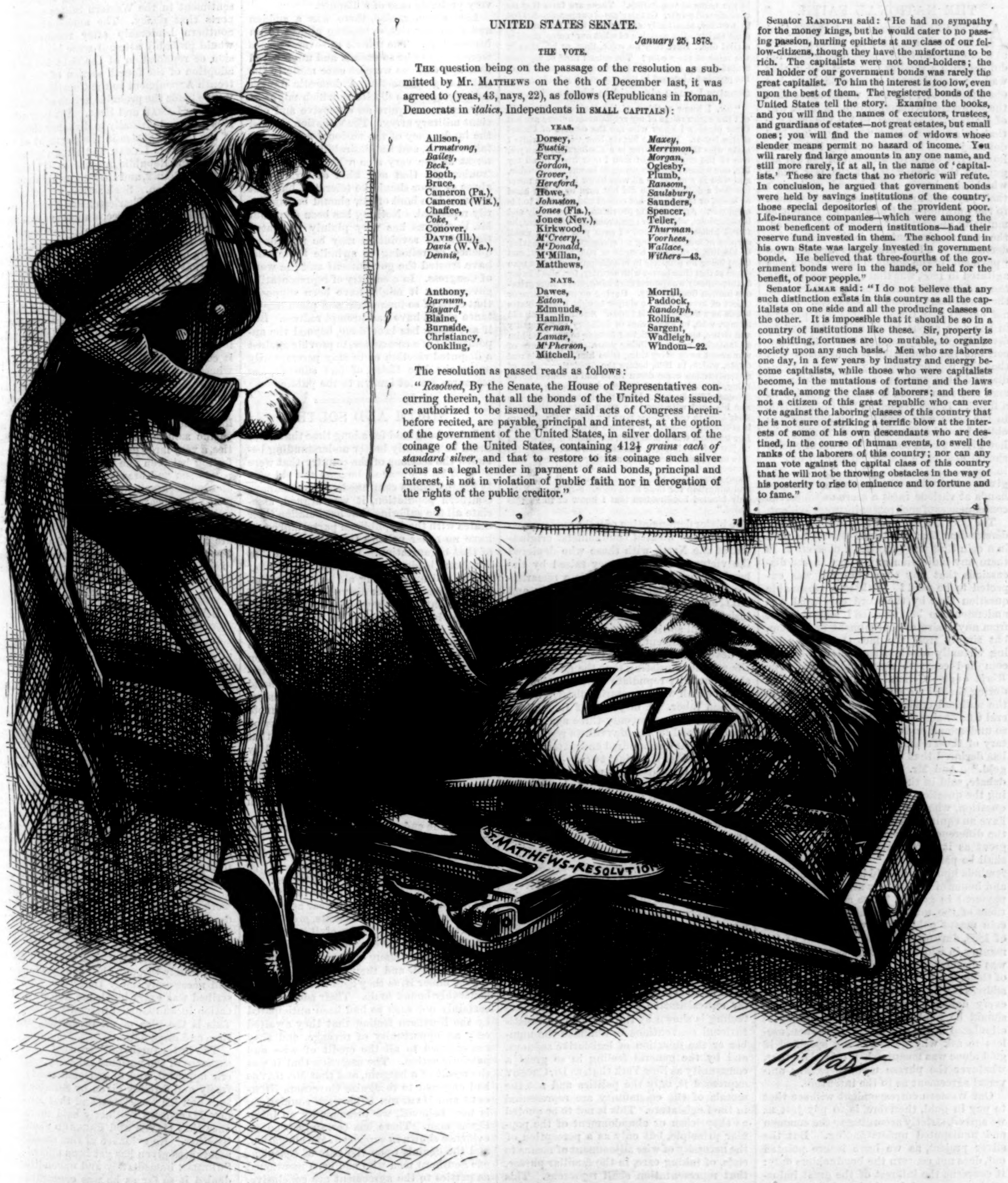


UNITED STATES SENATE.

January 25, 1878.

THE VOTE.

The question being on the passage of the resolution as submitted by Mr. Matthews on the 6th of December last, it was agreed to (yeas, 43, nays, 22), as follows (Republicans in Roman, Democrats in *italics*, Independents in small capitals):

YEAS.

Allison,
Armstrong,
Bailey,
Beck,
Booth,
Bruce,
Cameron (Pa.),
Cameron (Wis.),
Chaffee,
Coke,
Conover,
Davis (Ill.),
Davis (W. Va.),
Dennis,
Dorsey,
Eustis,
Ferry,
Gordon,
Grover,
Hereford,
Howe,
Johnston,
Jones (Fla.),
Jones (Nev.),
Kirkwood,
M'Creery,
M'Donald,
M'Millan,
Matthews,
Maxey,
Merrimon,
Morgan,
Oglesby,
Plumb,
Ransom,
Saulsbury,
Saunders,
Spencer,
Teller,
Thurman,
Voorhees,
Wallace,
Withers—43.

NAYS.

Anthony,
Barnum,
Bayard,
Blaine,
Burnside,
Christiancy,
Conkling,
Dawes,
Eaton,
Edmunds,
Hamlin,
Kernan,
Lamar,
M'Pherson,
Mitchell,
Morrill,
Paddock,
Randolph,
Rollins,
Sargent,
Wadleigh,
Windom—22.

The resolution as passed reads as follows:

"*Resolved*, By the Senate, the House of Representatives concurring therein, that all the bonds of the United States issued, or authorized to be issued, under said acts of Congress hereinbefore recited, are payable, principal and interest, at the option of the government of the United States, in silver dollars of the coinage of the United States, containing 412¼ *grains each of standard silver*, and that to restore to its coinage such silver coins as a legal tender in payment of said bonds, principal and interest, is not in violation of public faith nor in derogation of the rights of the public creditor."

Senator Randolph said: "He had no sympathy for the money kings, but he would cater to no passing passion, hurling epithets at any class of our fellow-citizens, though they have the misfortune to be rich. The capitalists were not bond-holders; the real holder of our government bonds was rarely the great capitalist. To him the interest is too low, even upon the best of them. The registered bonds of the United States tell the story. Examine the books, and you will find the names of executors, trustees, and guardians of estates—not great estates, but small ones; you will find the names of widows whose slender means permit no hazard of income. You will rarely find large amounts in any one name, and still more rarely, if at all, in the name of 'capitalists.' These are facts that no rhetoric will refute. In conclusion, he argued that government bonds were held by savings institutions of the country, those special depositories of the provident poor. Life-insurance companies—which were among the most beneficent of modern institutions—had their reserve fund invested in them. The school fund in his own State was largely invested in government bonds. He believed that three-fourths of the government bonds were in the hands, or held for the benefit, of poor people."

Senator Lamar said: "I do not believe that any such distinction exists in this country as all the capitalists on one side and all the producing classes on the other. It is impossible that it should be so in a country of institutions like these. Sir, property is too shifting, fortunes are too mutable, to organize society upon any such basis. Men who are laborers one day, in a few years by industry and energy become capitalists, while those who were capitalists become, in the mutations of fortune and the laws of trade, among the class of laborers; and there is not a citizen of this great republic who can ever vote against the laboring classes of this country that he is not sure of striking a terrific blow at the interests of some of his own descendants who are destined, in the course of human events, to swell the ranks of the laborers of this country; nor can any man vote against the capital class of this country that he will not be throwing obstacles in the way of his posterity to rise to eminence and to fortune and to fame."

THE FIRST STEP TOWARD NATIONAL BANKRUPTCY.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, February 16, 1878.

NOVELETTE BY GEORGE ELIOT.

In this Number of Harper's Weekly *our readers will find the opening chapter of*

"BROTHER JACOB,"

a Novelette by George Eliot. *It is now published for the first time in this country, by special arrangement with the author.*

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains a splendid double-page engraving, entitled "The Reality of War," and the conclusion of* Mrs. Cashel Hoey's *interesting Story,* "Esau's Choice."

An Illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

THE NATIONAL FAITH.

A WESTERN correspondent argues that it is unfair to state the silver question as a proposition to pay a debt of a hundred dollars with a smaller sum. Stated in that way, he says, honest men could have but one opinion of it, and all would agree that the suggestion is dishonorable. A fairer way of stating the question, in his judgment, is that it is a proposition "to pay a hundred dollars just as we agreed to pay it." This, however, is but a restatement of the old argument that the letter of the law under which the bonds were issued authorizes their payment in silver, and brings us back to the question what was the agreement as mutually understood? Honorably viewed, the essence of a contract is the mutual understanding. The argument against the "payment" of the bonds in paper, which was agitated in 1868, was that it was contrary to the understanding and just expectation of those who loaned money upon them. It was not denied that certain words and phrases in the acts might be plausibly twisted to favor the plan of "paying" the bonds in paper, but the conclusive consideration was that this was pettifogging to cover a swindle, and that such a transaction between man and man would be briefly branded as a fraud. It was argued by the inflationists, in the same way, that the bondholder was obliged to take the same kind of money he had given for his bond. This kind of equity should also have compelled him to receive in "payment" the same amount that he had given. But when the bonds had changed hands at various rates a score of times, the consequences of such reasoning were evident.

The question now is, was it a common understanding that the bonds should be paid in a coin that was practically obsolete? Is there any indication any where in the discussions that any coin but gold was expected to be paid? Is there a reasonable question that by the word coin gold was understood to be intended? and this not from any desire of concealment or evasion, but simply from the fact that silver being virtually obsolete as money, the word coin had come to mean only gold. The *World* quotes General Garfield's remark during the debate on the bill to strengthen the national credit, the first act that General Grant signed: "Not only did Congress so understand and declare, but every Secretary of the Treasury from that day to this has declared that the bonds are payable in gold." And Mr. Hendricks, in the same debate, said in the Senate: "I was discussing the question, which I intended to be *the* question, whether the holders of the bonds have an equitable claim upon us now, while the difference between paper and gold is so great as it is, to declare that these bonds shall be paid in gold." And Mr. Belmont reminds him that he said in 1874, "The faith and honor of the country are pledged to the payment in gold." These are but illustrations of the universal understanding that coin meant gold. And when the election of 1868, during which this question of the manner in which the bonds were to be paid was discussed, had resulted in the choice of General Grant, he said in his inaugural address: "To protect the national honor every dollar of government indebtedness should be paid in gold, unless otherwise stipulated in the contract." It is, then, useless to ask why gold was not specified if gold alone was meant, when it is plain that, whatever the phrase used, there was universal agreement as to the intention.

Our Western correspondent will see that to pay in gold, therefore, is to pay just as we agreed, strictly according to the common and undisputed understanding. But the silver project, as we have before pointed out, does not concern the bondholders only: it concerns the interest of the great industrial wage-receiving body of the people. Silver is a depreciated metal, and to make it a universal legal tender is to pay ninety-two cents for a dollar in wages. Mr. Thurman says, indeed, that twenty-four hours after the law is passed, silver will be of equal value with gold. But that is his assertion simply, and has no warrant in any known fact or law. It is a guess, and nothing more. The one thing certain is that wages are always the last to benefit by the advance of prices, and that prices must necessarily rise by a depreciation of money. Senator Randolph, of New Jersey, plainly shows the indirect interest which the great mass of the people have in maintaining the contracts of the government in their full spirit. In his speech opposing the resolution of Senator Matthews he said:

> "The real holder of our government bonds is rarely the great capitalist; to him the interest is too low even upon the best of them. The registered bonds of the United States tell the story. Examine the books, and you will find the names of executors, trustees, and guardians of estates—not great estates, but small ones; you will find insurance companies and banks; you will find the names of widows whose slender means permit no hazard of income. You will rarely find large amounts in any name, and still more rarely, if at all, in the name of 'capitalists.' These are facts that no rhetoric will refute. Of this class of our people—800,000 in number, manifestly among the best because the most thrifty—the question of what our 'coins' mean is a vital one. Have they no voice, then, or business in the value of their coin? The school fund of my own State is largely interested in government bonds. Have the people no interest in our public schools?"

Senator Lamar also said in his speech:

> "Sir, I know nothing of bondholders. Throughout the entire range of my acquaintance there are but three persons I know who are the owners of United States bonds. Will the Senate bear with me while I state who they are? One is a distinguished lawyer, one of the most upright men I ever knew in all my life, one whose rectitude seems to be unexceptionable, and who is a model to all who know him. He never handled a dollar that he did not earn by toil of hand or brain, or that he did not collect and pay over to his employer. After making provision for his family and benefactions, which were generous and munificent, he found himself at the end of each year with a small surplus of means. Being no speculator, never having in his life, I suppose, bought or sold for profit, and there being no property in Mississippi in which a man could at that time invest with security, for, alas! in my State property was poorer than labor, and a more grievous burden than poverty. Having no other source or object of investment, he simply bought United States bonds as a deposit of his funds. Another was an old farmer, who, by long years of industry and frugality and virtue, amassed sufficient fortune to purchase him a plantation in his declining years. The fortunes of war swept away every thing from him except his real estate, which, in 1865, before the desolating furies of reconstruction came down there and devoured every thing, he sold, and had just enough to bring him an income of $1200 a year. Upon that income the old man and his aged wife live in a small cottage, educating their boys in our college near my little town. There is still another—a widow woman with three children. Her husband was a merchant, his affairs being wound up just before his death, and his small estate converted into money, and there being no other investment, government bonds were bought, and with the income of those bonds they find shelter and raiment, and food and education for their little ones. Sir, these are the only bloated bondholders that I know of in all this world."

The bitter denunciation of "the money power" and the "bloated bondholders" originated at the North with those who deplored the victory that the money raised by the bonds helped to procure. It is a remarkable spectacle, that of Senators Lamar and Hill, on one side, earnestly and eloquently insisting upon keeping faith and redeeming in their full spirit and intention the promise of the government, and, on the other, that of devoted supporters of the Union during the war now insisting that the government shall partially repudiate its obligations in a way which will necessarily distress industry and labor. A majority of Republican Representatives—seventy-three against fifty-six—voted for the Matthews resolution. It is true that one hundred and sixteen Democrats voted for it against twenty-three who opposed. But this is not new or unexpected. Republicans have always charged the Democrats with a tendency to repudiation. If the action of Congress is to be accepted as the test, neither the Republican nor the Democratic party is the party of strict maintenance of the national faith.

REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT.

A shrewd business man recently remarked that if Congress would only adjourn for two years, the country could get upon its legs again. There is no doubt that there is a general apprehension when Congress assembles, and it is a striking commentary upon some results of experience of a popular representative government. The same feeling is shown by the tendency in constitutional conventions to diminish the number or the duration of legislative sessions, and by the general feeling in so great a community as New York that, as Dr. Crosby expressed it, only the politics and not the morals of the community are represented in the Legislature. This is not to be quoted as skepticism or abandonment of the popular principle, but only as a perception of the necessity of wise adjustment of means to ends, of taking care, in the familiar phrase, that representation shall represent. This will certainly not be accomplished by saying that it can not be done, and by declining to take any steps to secure it. Something, indeed, is done toward it by showing the reasons of complaint.

When Congress met, if there was any question of paramount urgency, it was that of providing against the enormous peril of a disputed Presidential election which threatened the country a year ago. As we have heretofore shown, the probabilities of similar trouble even at the next election are not remote or visionary. No more radical danger could confront the country. There is a fatal defect in the fundamental law. Its nature is perfectly known. Its possible consequences need no elucidation. We were saved last year as by fire. It was only reasonable to suppose that when Congress met, the subject upon which it would concentrate attention, and upon which the earliest action would be taken, would be this of a disputed election. But every thing has been abandoned for an attempt to dishonor the faith of the government, and, so far as appears, nothing has been done to provide for its peaceful and lawful continuance in the very probable case of a dispute.

Last summer, also, there was a sudden and alarming riot, extending almost to an insurrection. The militia of several States were found to be so useless and unprepared that applications were at once made to the national government. A domestic danger entirely new was disclosed, which might at any moment require an extensive and efficient military array. The situation showed the inadequacy of the national military establishment, and the desirability, in the interest of the very men who produced the trouble, not that any kind of tyranny or abuse of labor should be tolerated, but that violence in a land of law should be summarily repressed. Nothing has been done, but Mr. Voorhees has very plainly intimated that bloody revolution may be the consequence of refusing to swindle those who have trusted the government and the word of Congress. In a country of representative government it might have been supposed that evils of so immediate and plain importance would have had prompt redress. But if any thing has been done, beyond the appointment of a committee, to provide against a disputed election or to stay peremptorily outbreaks like those of last summer, the measures are not known to the public.

NORTH AND SOUTH.

It has been said for a long time that there could be no really better understanding between the sections of the country that were divided by the war so long as the old party organizations continued. The dominant Southern population, it was argued, associate all the suffering that has befallen their States with the Republican party, and could have no other politics than the overthrow of that organization. It was assumed that Southern leaders in Congress would offer steady and unreasoning aid to every proposition to embarrass or discredit the national government, that they had no purpose but revenge in any way and at any cost, and that if they could embroil parties to the point of violence they would be only too glad to do so. It was this apprehension which alarmed "the North" during the summer of 1876 with the prospect of a "solid South," and there were Republican leaders who relied upon this jealous fear to promote their personal advantage in the success of the party. It is but the truth to say that this apprehension has not been justified by events, and that the conduct of eminent Southern leaders in critical public situations has shown a patriotism, moderation, and wisdom with which they had not been credited.

Since the end of the war there have been two questions of vital importance to the public welfare. One was the electoral dispute of last year, and the other is the silver scheme which is now under discussion. It is now evident that had the Southern leaders in Congress acquiesced a year ago in the schemes of Northern Democrats, *pro hac vice*, like David Dudley Field, civil commotion would probably have ensued. But they did not acquiesce. Many of them voted for the Electoral Bill, and they sustained the decisions under it, as they held that they were honorably bound to do. Their conduct was certainly not such as had been anticipated by the Northern feeling that they awaited only an opportunity of revenge, and they are entitled to all the credit of wise and patriotic action. The assertion that it was the result of a bargain, and that Mr. Hayes had engaged to recognize Governors Nicholls and Hampton if he were counted in, is now believed, we presume, by no intelligent man. There has certainly been no evidence shown in support of the allegation, and the denials upon the part of conspicuous Southern men who had been mentioned as parties to the agreement are conclusive. Their conduct was not that of disappointed rage and vengeance. It showed that great injustice had been done to them in this part of the country. It did not prove, indeed, that the white population of the Southern States was suddenly regenerated and reconciled, with no hard feeling for "the North" left, and with a stern resolution that no injustice under any pretense should ever be done to any colored citizen, but it did prove that the theory that the public action of conspicuous Southern Representatives could not be wise, national, and patriotic was totally unfounded. And the perception of that fact was an immense gain toward a better mutual understanding.

It was still less to be expected that upon a question involving the full and fair payment of the war debt some of the most conspicuous representatives of Southern opinion should have so cordially and powerfully advocated the honorable maintenance of the national faith. It is the more agreeable not only because the controlling sentiment of their party in the Northern States is apparently favorable to partial repudiation and inflation, but because a strong Republican sentiment in the Western States also supports that policy. The anticipation that Southern leadership after reconstruction would probably attempt some kind of evasion or repudiation of the debt led to the adoption of the fourth section of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution. It was to baffle the probable action of men like Senators Lamar and Hill. Yet now when it is proposed virtually to dishonor the faith of the United States in the payment of the debt, Senators Lamar and Hill vigorously oppose, and Republican Senators like Messrs. Allison, Ferry, and Howe warmly support, the proposition. Such action, with the declarations of the Charleston and New Orleans Chambers of Commerce, is another great step toward better mutual understanding. It shows that mere sectional politics are becoming more and more obsolete. It shows, also, that old party lines are disappearing, and that if good understanding was impossible so long as they were sharply drawn, another barrier is falling. The remark, attributed to various sources, that whatever may become of this Administration, its policy is sure to succeed, is wise only so far as it concerns its policy. An Administration whose policy succeeds because it conforms to the sincere and patriotic desire of the country—and none other can be successful—can not be called a failure. But while its course has unquestionably tended to a pacific solution of many existing difficulties, a very large part of the increasing good feeling between the sections is due to the patriotism and bravery of Southern leaders and representative bodies, and to the consequent disappearance of much Northern prejudice. We shall not, indeed, see the millennium this year, or even the next. But we are already seeing the signs of a truly national feeling where it was supposed to be extinct, and we are seeing more plainly the differences that really make parties.

BARGAINS AND RETURNING BOARDS.

There are daily assertions and innuendoes in regard to the bargain which Mr. Chandler virtually charged upon the Republican visitors to Louisiana and the Returning Board. His statement was that seven thousand more votes for Tilden than for Hayes had been cast in the State, and that to secure the success of Hayes it became necessary for the Returning Board to throw out, on various grounds, more than seven thousand Tilden votes. He calls this an "extraordinary even if justifiable work," and adds that it required the assurance that the national exigency demanded that it should be done, and that it would have the moral approval of the North. These are evidently not the words in which the performance of a plain legal duty is described. The honest discharge of official duty can not be called an extraordinary even if justifiable work, nor can it in any degree whatever depend upon an assurance of a national exigency or upon the moral approval or disapproval of any part of the country. The words of the letter, which has been circulated widely through the country, obviously and necessarily imply that "the work" described was extra legal, and had its justification in an assumed necessity of the case. This is the plea of all revolution, usurpation, and *coups d'état.*

The letter further alleges that all the assurances of the national exigency, of Northern approval, and of personal safety were freely and forcibly given by Senator Sherman and his associates, and that Mr. Stanley Matthews distinctly said more than once that Hayes and Packard should fall together. No evidence of this assertion of assurances given has yet been offered. Mr. Sherman immediately and unconditionally denied it so far as he was concerned; and the story having been renewed that he had given a guarantee to ex-Governor Wells against prosecution, he has promptly denied that tale also. Mr. Sherman, however, thinks that the prosecution of the Returning Board is a very unfortunate and ill-advised movement, because of the general conviction that the jury will be packed. He holds that the prosecution is in direct hostility to the course indicated by Governor Nicholls and the more respectable sentiment of Louisiana, but that the intolerant element of the population has so far obtained the control that the Governor would hardly venture to pardon the members of the Returning Board if they should be convicted.

Meanwhile the allegation of a bargain between the visitors and the Returning Board remains wholly unsustained; and even should pledges of any of the visitors be discovered, it is impossible that they should be traced to Mr. Hayes, except so far as they were in accord with views that he had publicly and freely expressed. In regard to the bargain between the Southern Democrats and the friends of Mr. Hayes, Mr. Foster, of Ohio, in the House of Representatives, pending the final decision, referred to the letter of acceptance as showing that an "unconditional surrender to the Republican party" in any injurious sense was not expected. Mr. Hayes wrote to Mr. Foster approving the speech, and saying that he should stand by the ideas of his letter, and that any Southern friend might be so assured. In other words, Mr. Foster said in the House, and Mr. Hayes confirmed his statement, that Mr. Hayes meant what he said in his letter of acceptance. This, we presume, will be found to be the extent of the President's offense. There are assertions of bargains and written papers, but, we repeat, no evidence has been produced and no paper shown. The trial of the members of the Returning Board will probably lead to revelations that will serve to convince, only the more strongly, both parties in the controversy. The true tale of the Louisiana election can not be told without showing a terrorism at the polls that would of necessity morally invalidate the returns. Whatever conduct of the board might be shown, this fact would remain unshaken. The trial can not fail to set in even stronger relief the wisdom of Congress in creating the Electoral Commission. It was the only reasonable and satisfactory disposition of the difficulty; and the nature of that difficulty can be inferred from the fact that whatever befalls the Returning Board, offenders quite as guilty as they can be against the lawful expression of the popular will in Louisiana will not be touched.

HIDDEN WRONGS.

The letter of Dr. Corson describing the inhuman treatment to which convicts in the New Jersey State-prison are subjected is but a glimpse of a terrible mismanagement which is true of many public institutions. A gentleman went officially to see one of the institutions of the State of New York, and was told by the Superintendent that he wished some of his superiors would come in unexpectedly. "The truth is," said he, "the official visitors always send word that they are coming; they come in at the front-door, and they go just where I lead the way, and see every thing as I choose. They know nothing of the actual condition of this house." Happily it was a Superintendent who was both wise and humane, and if all men in his position were of the same kind, the public institutions would be well administered. The public at large knows nothing and cares little about the state of affairs in the State charitable and penal institutions. How many readers of these lines who live in the country, for instance, ever visit the county poor-house or jail, or have any knowledge of their condition? The reader pays taxes, and votes for Sheriff and Superintendent of the Poor, and feels that he has discharged his duty. He takes no further interest, and that is the reason of such practices as Dr. Corson exposes in the New Jersey State-prison, and of other abuses elsewhere in other institutions.

In the State of New York there is an official supervision of public charitable institutions by the Board of State Charities. This is the organ of public interest in them. But of course the extent and value of that interest depend wholly upon the character of the members of the board. If they are intelligent, conscientious, and devoted, and resolved to do their duty in a thorough and not in a perfunctory manner, then supervision becomes of the highest importance, and is one of the most valuable services that can be rendered to the State. Indeed, it is to a proper discharge of duty by this board that we must look for authoritative statements and suggestions in regard to one of the most menacing evils of the time—the growth and extension of pauperism. Facts can be gathered only at the cost of most painful and noisome investigation and research, inspired by no other motive than the purest humanity. Happily the question is one which now enlists attention and interest. It is prosecuted in England and Germany, as well as in this country, by sagacious and persistent inquirers, and fortunately the State Board of Charities in New York co-operates heartily in the good work, and receives the most valuable assistance from its "aid" society with its various county branches.

One point has been recently brought forcibly to the attention of the board, and deserves general public consideration—it is that of the proper classification of the inmates of poor-houses. Last year a copious and valuable but necessarily long report was made by the board to the Legislature, including a report of the secretary, containing the results of an inquiry during the years 1874 and 1875 into the condition of every poor-house in the State, and an examination of the inmates. An abstract of the evidence in this report, with suggestions upon the special subject of classification, was laid before the board this year, and is well worthy the attention of every member of the Legislature. The examination of the poor-houses of this State shows that the great multitude of paupers have become such by some form of vicious indulgence, and the vices and weaknesses have almost universally been the result of hereditary tendencies. The really worthy unfortunate and sick should be properly cared for in houses and hospitals, while the vicious and unworthy should be put to vigorous labor, and pauper heredity should be broken up. The extracts from the report present startling facts, showing that the association of the idiotic and the depraved in poor-houses produces a race of illegitimate and idiotic paupers. In brief, there were in the county poor-houses at the time of the secretary's inquiry 767 vagrants, 580 idiots, and 394 feeble-minded persons of both sexes. A very large proportion of the women in all these classes were mothers, their children in most cases being illegitimate and idiotic. The details are shocking, but the conclusion is imperative, that, in the interests of humanity, morality, and economy, the State should provide custodial asylums for adult idiots and the feeble-minded of each sex, and reformatories for depraved and vagrant women. Such a recommendation, when made by the Board of Charities, should be of the very greatest weight.

DRAMS AND TAXES.

The meeting recently held in New York to favor the maintenance of the present excise law was an expression of the most intelligent sentiment of the city. The meeting recognized the fact that a great part of the public burden of taxation is due to the disorder produced by drunkenness, and that the practical question is in what way to enforce the conceded right of restriction of the sale of liquor as a beverage. This is a movement in which men of every sect and party, and of every view as to the wisdom of sumptuary laws, can heartily take part. It is simply a question of public order and economy, and it is so presented by its most earnest advocates. Teetotalers, moderate drinkers, the orthodox and the liberal, the Republican and the Democrat, the Jew and the gentile, can work strenuously and harmoniously together for the good end of public economy and order. Dr. Ormiston gave some striking statistics. Three hundred and fifty millions of gallons of intoxicating liquors are made in the country every year, which amounts to ten quarts of distilled and six quarts of malt liquors to every man, woman, and child. This costs $600,000,000 to manufacture, or $15 for each person. There are four times as many grog-shops as churches, and they are maintained at twelve times the cost.

The law which it is hoped the Legislature will retain limits the sale of liquor by the glass to men of good moral character, who can give proper bonds, and who keep an inn—a word which is defined by the law—and who pay a license fee. They can not trust, for the debt is void by law, nor take security, for that also is void. They can not sell to Indians, nor to apprentices, nor to minor boys or girls; nor to a man's wife if the husband forbids, nor to a husband if the wife gives warning. These limitations are all founded in reason and justified by experience. They are the defenses which society, exercising the right of self-defense, throws up against a monstrous and increasing danger. The liquor interest pleads the vast amount of property invested in the business. But, as Mr. William Allen Butler pertinently asked, have we not a right to place against this the statistics of crime and pauperism traceable to the grog-shops?

The voice of this meeting is that of the intelligence and industry of the city. It will be urged that if this be so, that intelligence and industry are represented in the Legislature, and will take care that proper laws are enacted. But Dr. Crosby said, with truth, "This city is practically unrepresented at Albany to-day." The great forces that really make the city have a very small representation. It is not the intelligent industry, enterprise, and capital of the city, its unpartisan feeling and wishes, but a body of politicians, which is mainly represented in the Legislature. No member of either House can doubt that the meeting of which we speak was more truly an expression of the conviction and good sense that ought to govern legislation for the city upon this subject than the agents of their will whom a knot of political managers send to Albany.

PERSONAL.

Apropos of the second edition of General Di Cesnola's book, nearly ready by Harper & Brothers, it is pleasant to note Mr. R. Stuart Poole's remarks on the work in the last number of the *Contemporary Review*. Our countrymen may congratulate themselves upon the possession of such a valuable archæological collection as that which General Di Cesnola has brought to this city. Mr. Poole says: "Much must be left unsaid on the many topics raised by these researches. I can not, however, take leave of them without congratulating General Di Cesnola on the excellent manner in which he has made his record. Much as Englishmen must regret that his collection has gone to America, they can at least study it in the beautiful engravings of the work, though it were well worth a voyage to New York to examine the treasures in detail."

Lord Rosebery has bought the London *Examiner*—one of the leading literary weeklies of England. The late John Stuart Mill was formerly interested in its editorial and business management.

—The Earl of Dufferin, who was present at the meeting of the Geographical Society in this city on the 31st ult., met in Washington, at the President's reception, ex-Governor Young, of Ohio, who was born on the estates of Earl Dufferin's father in the north of Ireland. They had a pleasant chat, recalling reminiscences of their youthful days.

—Mr. Corcoran recently observed among the art students who frequent his gallery a young, clever, and industrious artist. On inquiry, he ascertained that she was a poor girl, self-taught and self-supporting. He then offered to send her to Europe for a season of study. In this pleasant way Mr. Corcoran has long been in the habit of administering upon his own estate.

—Mr. Peter Cooper, according to the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, proposes to purchase the Limestone Springs, near Spartanburg, South Carolina, where he will establish an institution similar in its general design to Cooper Institute in this city.

—In the way of reply to the interrogatory "What's in a name?" it is mentioned that when the Duke of Edinburgh was in New Zealand he was introduced to the Rev. Mr. Plaratanetissatarrunanse. But that clergyman will hang his head at the curtness of his name when he learns that a clerical brother in Wales is known as the rector of Llanfairpwllgwyngllgogertysiliogogogoch. Should these two gentlemen be introduced to one another on a Sunday morning, the service would evidently be postponed until afternoon.

—The Emperor of Brazil, when on the steamer that took him back to Brazil, wrote to an American friend, as follows: "In a few days I will see my native land, which God has so wonderfully endowed, and I hope that that which I have learned during my absence from her will enable me to be useful to her. One thing I can truly say is that I return with earnest longings, and with a passion stronger than ever for progress."

—Mr. Libby, a son of the senior partner in the house of A. T. Stewart & Co., is the editor and proprietor of the Princeton *Review*. He is a graduate of the Union Theological Seminary.

—Senator Bruce, of Mississippi, has expressed his belief that he would be the last of his race to hold a seat in the United States Senate.

—Victor Emanuel was buried in the superb white mantle of a Grand Master of the Order of the S. S. Annunziata, in which garb the sovereigns of the House of Savoy are consigned to the tomb. In his modest wardrobe Victor Emanuel did not possess one of these sumptuous robes, and artificers had to work all night to prepare one.

—The New-Year's gifts made by Queen Victoria to the poor of Windsor, some eight hundred in all, were joints of meat and sacks of coal. In all 3200 pounds of beef and sixty-five tons of coal were distributed.

—Edmund Yates says that Mr. Laurence Oliphant, at present living in New York, is the author of the piquant "Tender Recollections of Irene Macgillicuddy," now in course of publication in *Blackwood*. The authorship had been ascribed to several American ladies—among them Kate Field—and also to several English ladies, among whom is Lady Mandeville, formerly of this city.

—Professor Goldwin Smith, who is now engaged on a volume on Wordsworth, will not resume his chair in Cornell University until September next. After that time, he writes, "I think I may safely say we shall cross the Atlantic no more."

—The late Chief Justice Pearson, of North Carolina, left eleven of his pupils judges or ex-judges of North Carolina courts, three of whom sat on the bench of the Supreme Court by the side of their old preceptor.

—Concerning athletics, Dr. E. H. Bradford, of the Harvard class of '69, has collected some interesting statistics relative to the health of oarsmen. Of the 113 Harvard men who participated in the intercollegiate regattas up to 1876, twelve died in the war and eleven from other causes, while sixty-seven are known to be in perfect health. Comparing these with some figures given by Dr. Morgan, of England, Dr. Bradford concludes that physical training is not injurious unless it is excessive.

—Hon. Mr. Crittenden, M.C. from Missouri, gave some interesting reminiscences of the late Senator Bogy, of that State, in the hour given to the consideration of resolutions in memory of the deceased Senator, who was greatly esteemed out West. He sketched him as once a poor sick boy of fifteen years, after lying in bed for eighteen months, rising up, and sending to his mother this remarkable letter, worthy the remembrance of every young man:

> "St. Genevieve, *January* 16, 1832.
>
> "On this day I left home to read law. My education is limited, but with hard study I may overcome it. I am determined to try, and my intention is to return to my native State to practice law, if I can qualify myself, and while doing so to work to become United States Senator for my native State, and to work for this until I am sixty years old. I will pray God to give me the resolution to persevere in this intention. I have communicated this to my mother, and given her this paper to keep. So help me God.
>
> "Lewis V. Bogy."

His mother did keep the letter. Her son did get the Senatorial position.

—Romualdo Pacheco, M.C. from California, is a swarthy-complexioned man with dark eyes, who dresses in black and wears a sombrero. He is a splendid rider, an expert with the lasso, and has shed the gore of many bears.

—John Bright, in his earliest efforts at speaking, evinced that practical turn of mind for which he has always been noted. He knew the value of painstaking, and that whatever was worth doing was worth doing well. It was his custom at first to draw up a short synopsis of his subjects; he then wrote out the peroration in full, and first delivered his speeches in the warehouse of his father's mill before Mr. Nuttall, a workman, so that he might criticise them and point out any defects. Mr. Nuttall in early life was a flannel manufacturer at Littleborough, but through bad trade had been reduced in circumstances, and accepted the situation of warehouseman at Mr. Jacob Bright's mill. He had received a pretty good education, and was well read in most subjects. He would listen attentively to Mr. Bright, who in some parts of his speech wound his auditor up to such a pitch of excitement that he could be heard ejaculating, "Capital! John, capital!" or he would be seen laughing at some amusing expression that tickled his ears, but he was never so far carried away as to forget to point out the weak parts of the speech.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress: The House, on the 28th ult., passed the Matthews silver resolution by a vote of 189 to 79. The Democrats voted 116 yeas and 23 nays, and the Republicans 73 yeas and 56 nays. Thirteen States voted solidly for the resolution, casting 105 votes, while only four States—Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Rhode Island—casting 13 votes, went solidly against it. Of the 79 negative votes, New York furnished 25, or nearly one-third of the entire number. Outside of the Eastern and Middle States there were but 13 against the resolution. The House, on the same day, by a vote of 175 to 82, passed a resolution declaring that no subsidy in any form should be granted to corporations engaging in private enterprises.—On the 29th, the House passed a resolution to rigidly enforce the rule excluding visitors and lobbyists from the floor. Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, introduced a bill requiring importers to use the metric system of weights and measures. The House passed the bill recognizing the Woodruff scientific expedition around the world, and granting for its purposes an American register to a foreign-built vessel.—On the 30th, Senator Christiancy offered a substitute for the Bland Bill, proposing that the silver dollar shall contain 434 grains. The Senate ratified the Samoan Treaty.—On the 31st, the Senate passed a bill appropriating $200,000 for the erection of suitable posts for the protection of the Rio Grande frontier. The Senate also passed the House joint resolution of thanks to Henry M. Stanley. Two amendments were offered to the Bland Bill—one by Senator Morgan, of Alabama, allowing the free coinage of silver under certain conditions, and the other by Senator Booth, allowing the owner of silver dollars to deposit them with the Treasurer or any Assistant Treasurer of the United States, and receive certificates of not less than $10 each, the certificates to circulate in place of silver, and thus to obviate the inconvenience of silver in commercial transactions.

The steamer *Metropolis*, bound from Philadelphia to Pará, Brazil, with workmen and material for the Madeira and Mamore Railroad, when off Currituck Beach, North Carolina, on the night of the 31st ult., was driven ashore in a terrific gale, and totally wrecked. Of the 248 persons on board—most of whom were laborers—nearly 100 were lost.

The New York Senate, on the 30th ult., confirmed the nomination of B. S. W. Clark as Superintendent of Public Works.

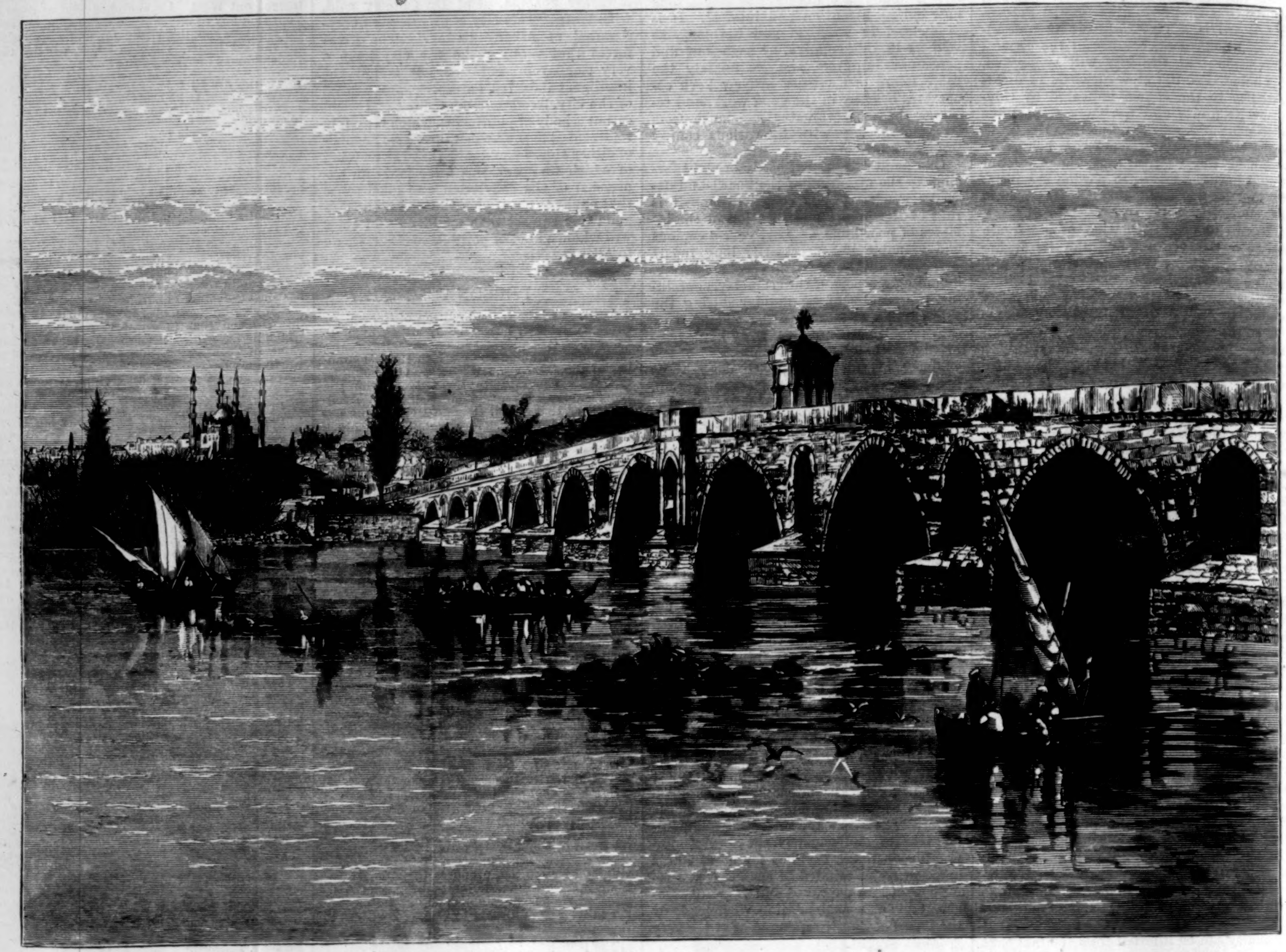
FOREIGN NEWS.

The Eastern War: Up to the time of this writing no official report of the signing of an armistice had been received. On the 30th ult. Lord Loftus telegraphed to Lord Derby that the last article of the informal peace conditions relative to the ulterior understanding in regard to Russian interests in the straits was vague and unnecessary, and Prince Gortchakoff had no objection to suppressing it. He authorized Lord Loftus to declare most categorically that Russia considered that the question of the straits could only be settled in concert with the powers. Lord Derby replied that the government received the statement with satisfaction.—The Grand Duke Nicholas reached Adrianople on the 26th ult.—Minister Layard telegraphed, on the 28th ult., that the Russians had appeared at Bourges, and seemed determined to advance on Constantinople in great force.—Admiral Hobart Pasha's fleet from Batum has reached Constantinople, with ten battalions. On the 25th ult. General Strukoff occupied Luleh-Burgas and Chorlu. He overtook a convoy of between 10,000 and 15,000 wagons and 50,000 armed Mussulman fugitives. The latter were disarmed and escorted to Rodosta, from which place they are to be transported to Asia. Demotika and Usunkopri were occupied on the 26th ult.—The Czarowitz's army has crossed the Lom in force, and the Turks are retreating upon the fortresses of the Quadrilateral.—The Russian steamer *Constantine*, on the 26th ult., sunk a Turkish screw-steamer off Batum, with all the crew.—The total Russian losses up to the 5th ult. were 80,435 men.—The Montenegrins, on the 26th, after a violent bombardment, captured three fortified islands in Lake Scutari.—Forty thousand Servians, after a four days' battle, defeated the Turks near the Ratscharnik.

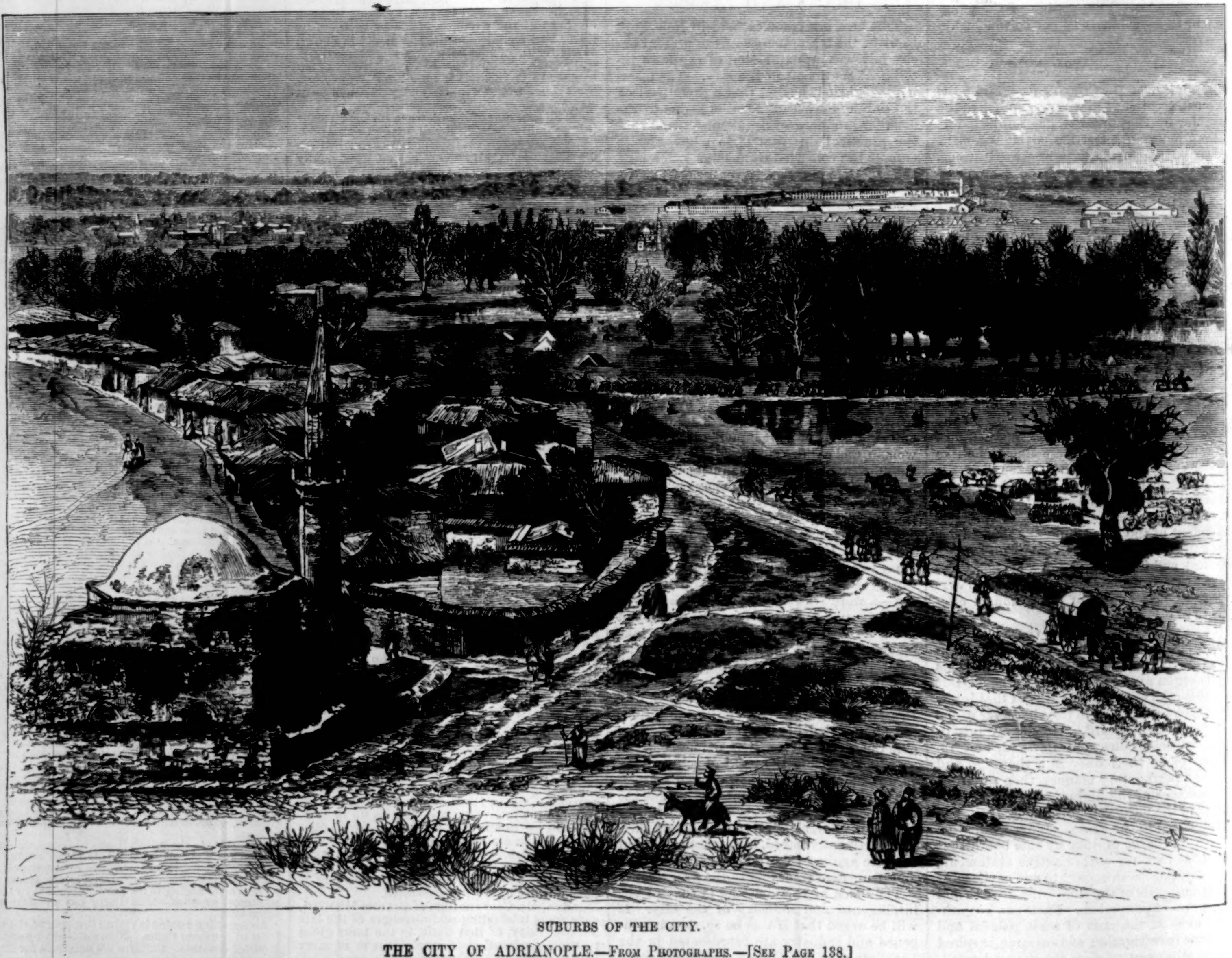
During the week there were warlike demonstrations in various parts of Greece, but order was finally restored. In Athens, on Sunday, 27th ult., crowds of people paraded the streets. A turbulent mob of 2000 from the Piræus was dispersed by the troops. On the 1st inst. the whole Greek population was summoned to enroll in the National Guard, and orders were given for the immediate occupation of Thessaly, Epirus, and Macedonia by an army of 12,000 men. The Chamber voted 10,000,000 drachmas for war supplies, to be raised by loan.

The debate in the British House of Commons on the motion for a supplementary vote began on the 31st ult. Mr. Forster, amid the cheers of the opposition, moved an amendment declaring that the House sees no reason for adding to the people's burdens by voting additional supplies.—Lord Derby has withdrawn his resignation.

An appalling famine is raging throughout the provinces of Northern China. Nine millions of people are reported destitute. Children are daily sold for food in the markets.



THE OLD BRIDGE.



SUBURBS OF THE CITY.

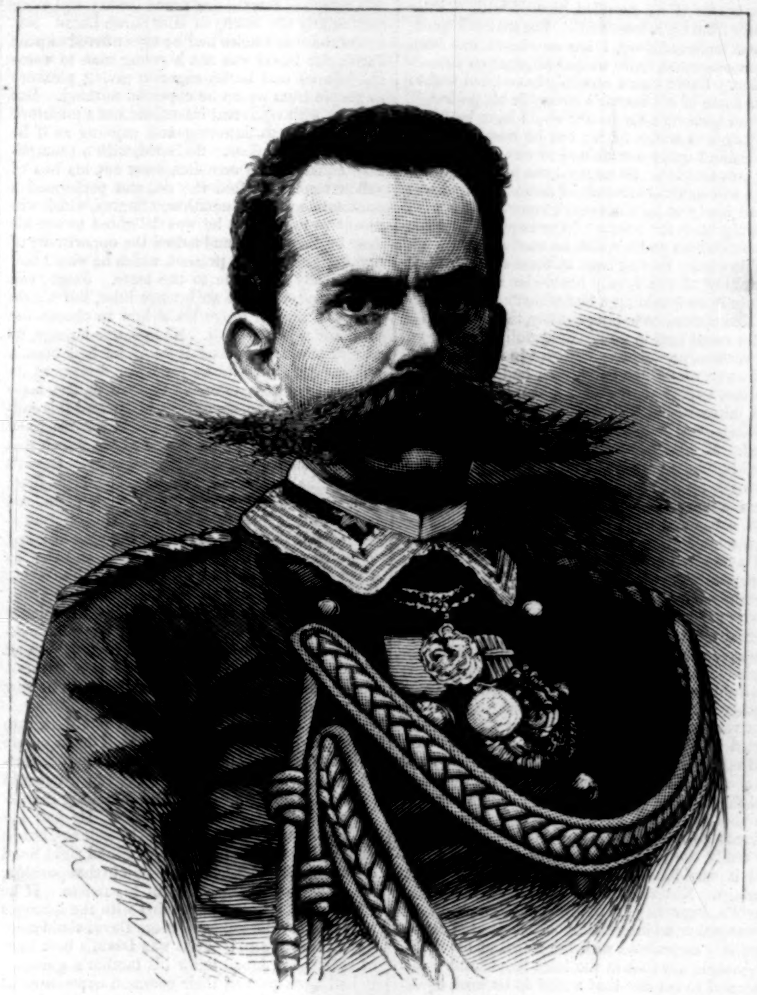
THE CITY OF ADRIANOPLE.—From Photographs.—[See Page 138.]

HUMBERT I. AND HIS FAMILY.

Humbert I., the present King of Italy, of whom some mention has already been made in the *Weekly* in connection with the death of Victor Emanuel, has been lately called to take his place at the head of a nation which owes its existence to the talents and energy of his illustrious father. To her late sovereign Italy is indebted not only for the unity which it was the labor of his life to establish, but for that organization of her government and development of her resources which have recently advanced her to her important position among European countries. The Italian people were happy in their last king, in the brave honesty which won for him the title of Re Galantuomo, in the energy and decision which he showed in endowing them with a constitutional government directed by the most able statesmen of the time, and in the effectual check which he put to the temporal domination of ecclesiastical institutions throughout the land over which he ruled. Now that Victor Emanuel has passed away, there can be no better wish expressed for the people that lament him than that they shall find in their new sovereign a worthy successor of him who rescued Italy from disintegration, and made her honored and respected among nations.

The Prince of Piedmont, as King Humbert was called before his accession to the throne, was born on the 14th of March, 1844, and is now in his thirty-fourth year. Not only was he educated in the careful manner usual among scions of a royal house, but especial pains were taken to instruct him early in civil and military affairs. In 1859, when war broke out with Austria, the young Prince made his first practical acquaintance with the art of war. Although but fifteen years of age, he displayed all the qualities of a soldier, astonishing many a veteran by his bold conduct on the bloody fields of Solferino and Magenta. In 1862, when the question of re-adjusting the governmental affairs of the Two Sicilies arose, an opportunity occurred in which Prince Humbert could demonstrate his talent for diplomacy. Again he more than proved himself equal to the exigencies of the occasion. Joining Garibaldi, he visited both Naples and Palermo in company with the gallant general, and in both cities received a most cordial reception.

The diplomatic talents of Prince Humbert came to be so highly esteemed during this troubled period of Italian history, that upon the threatening of a second war with Austria he was selected to visit Paris for the purpose of ascertaining the attitude of France in regard to the preliminary treaty that Italy had concluded with Prussia. He returned from this important mission to take part with his brother Amadeus (afterward King of Spain) in the battle of Custozza, where the two princes commanded a division of Cialdini's army. Forming his regiment into squares, in one of which he took his stand, Prince Humbert was able to resist the Austrians till Bixio came to his aid and helped him to cover Durando's retreat, which otherwise would have been converted into a rout. Though a Lieutenant-General in the army, the Prince had, a few months before the breaking out of the war, declined the pay and allowances to which he was entitled, to ease the burden on the national treasury.



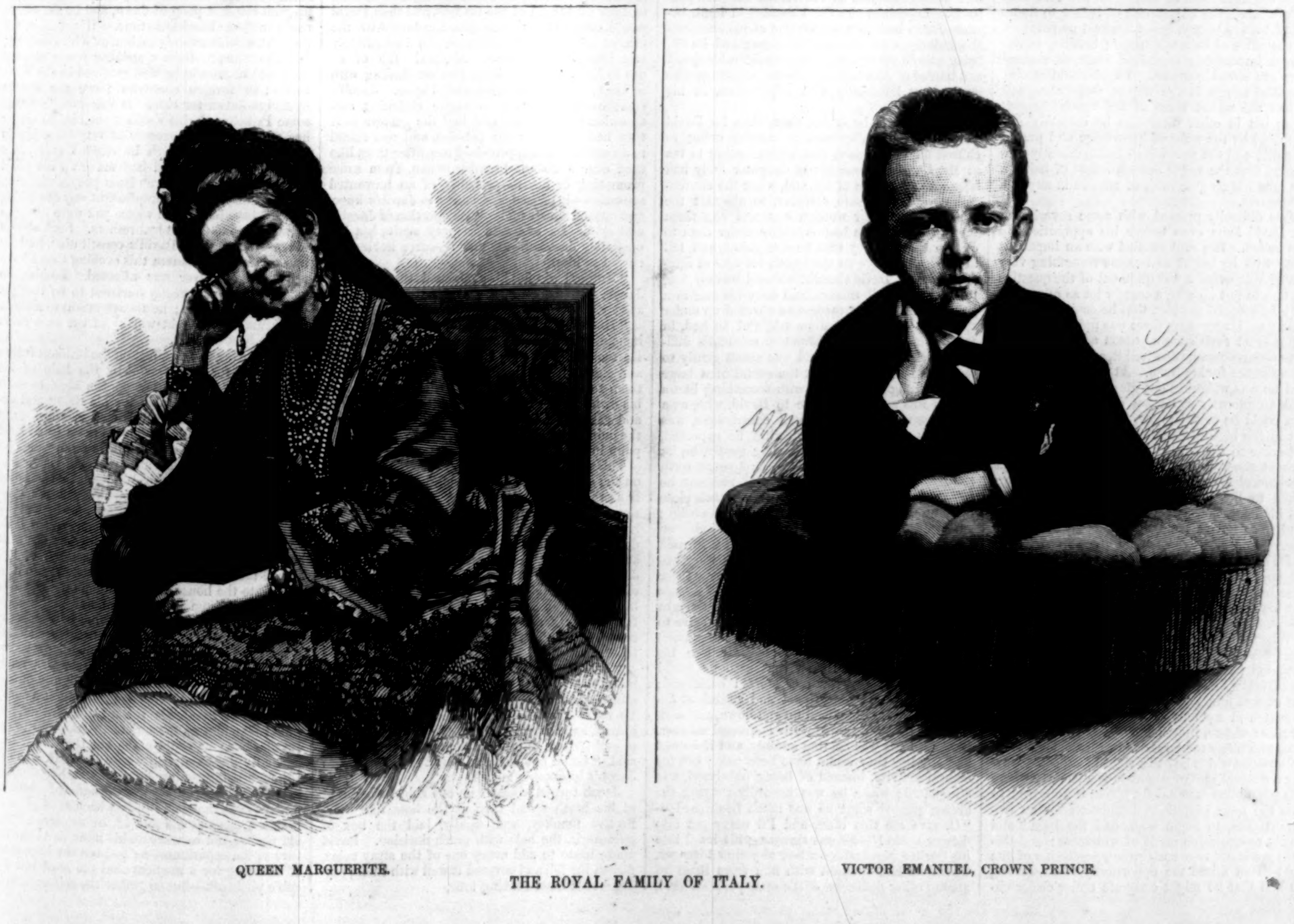
HUMBERT I., KING OF ITALY.

The marriage of Prince Humbert to Marie Marguerite, Princess of Savoy—whose portrait, together with that of the Crown Prince, we give in connection with his own—took place on the 22d of April, 1868. This lady was not, however, the bride originally selected for the Prince. After the conclusion of peace with Austria it was decided that the harmonious relations of the two countries should be strengthened by the marriage of Humbert with the Archduchess Matilda, a niece of the Emperor Francis Joseph. Arrangements were in progress when the unfortunate lady met with her death through a terrible accident. The costume which she wore accidentally came in contact with fire, and before assistance could be rendered she was so badly burned as to make death inevitable. This fearful occurrence put an end for a time to all matrimonial arrangements in Italy, but a bride was finally found in the person of the daughter of the Duke of Genoa, brother to Victor Emanuel, and own cousin to the Prince.

Queen Marguerite is described, by those who have an opportunity of judging, as "graceful without being beautiful, and noted for her piety and kindness of heart." She has always been to a great extent the idol of the Italian people, and has made her emblem flower, the daisy, popular beyond measure at all fêtes and public demonstrations. Our readers will remember the generous part she played at the time of the recent inundations of the Tiber, and how enthusiastic was her reception every where by the sufferers. As for the King, so far as his domestic qualities are concerned, he is said to be the exact counterpart of his father in his tastes, temperament, and disposition, exceedingly straightforward and unaffected in his manners, and earnest in his friendships.

Some uncertainty arose about the name by which the manifesto should be headed, for at the time that Victor Emanuel was proclaimed King of Italy there had been a great conflict as to whether he should be styled Victor Emanuel I., as the first of a new line of Italian sovereigns, or whether he should retain his former designation of Victor Emanuel II., the successor of a long line of rulers belonging to the house of Savoy. After three days' discussion, in which a just regard for the King's feelings and for the susceptibilities of his old Piedmontese subjects prevailed over the national aspirations of the representatives of the newly annexed provinces, the Chamber, by a large majority, decided that the dynastic appellation should be adhered to. The vote of the Chamber, it would seem, should have been binding on the nation on all further occasions, for the principle at issue was unreservedly established, and on the strength of it the new King should be Humbert IV., unless a new Parliamentary vote reversed the former decision. But the men whose wishes were overpowered in the debate of 1861, and the majority of whom are natives of the lately annexed provinces, are now very numerous in the Ministerial Council, and Signor Crispi, a man whose ascendency over his colleagues is irresistible, easily prevailed upon them to settle the question by a mere scratch of the pen, abrogated the law, and headed the proclamation, "Humbert I., by the grace of God and the will of the nation, King of Italy."

It is asserted in justification of this act that the cases of the two kings are not parallel, inasmuch as Victor Emanuel was the second of a name which had been borne by a king, while the three Humberts were only counts of Maurienne, and the first of them, he of the White Hands, is almost a mythical personage. But the argument is hollow, for the roll of the reigning princes of Savoy was unchanged throughout, whether they were mere counts, or dukes, or kings, and Victor Amadeus II., who as Duke of Savoy and Prince of Piedmont had reigned for several years under that title, retained it after he was acknowledged King of Sicily and later of Sardinia. The matter is not one of great importance, however. Whether he be styled Humbert I. or IV., the Italians have a legitimate sovereign, who is apparently devoted to his people, and eager to guard the prestige which has been conferred upon his house by the noble actions of his father. They have also in connection with him a queen whose sweetness of disposition and general loveliness of character have won for her the title of the "Pearl of Savoy." And as if to complete the prospect of a fair future, there is a bright little boy of nine years, known as Victor Emanuel, Prince of Piedmont and Crown Prince of Italy.



QUEEN MARGUERITE.

VICTOR EMANUEL, CROWN PRINCE.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF ITALY.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

BROTHER JACOB.

By GEORGE ELIOT,

AUTHOR OF "DANIEL DERONDA," "MIDDLEMARCH," "ADAM BEDE," "THE MILL ON THE FLOSS," ETC.

"Trompeurs, c'est pour vous que j'écris, attendez-vous à la pareille."—LA FONTAINE.

CHAPTER I.

AMONG the many fatalities attending the bloom of young desire, that of blindly taking to the confectionery line has not, perhaps, been sufficiently considered. How is the son of a British yeoman, who has been fed principally on salt pork and yeast dumplings, to know that there is satiety for the human stomach even in a paradise of glass jars full of sugared almonds and pink lozenges, and that the tedium of life can reach a pitch where plum-buns at discretion cease to offer the slightest enticement? Or how, at the tender age when a confectioner seems to him a very prince whom all the world must envy—who breakfasts on macaroons, dines on marengs, sups on twelfth-cake, and fills up the intermediate hours with sugar-candy or peppermint—how is he to foresee the day of sad wisdom, when he will discern that the confectioner's calling is not socially influential or favorable to a soaring ambition? I have known a man who turned out to have a metaphysical genius, incautiously, in the period of youthful buoyancy, commence his career as a dancing master; and you may imagine the use that was made of this initial mistake by opponents who felt themselves bound to warn the public against his doctrine of the Inconceivable. He couldn't give up his dancing lessons, because he made his bread by them, and metaphysics would not have found him in so much as salt to his bread. It was nearly the same with Mr. David Faux and the confectionery business. His uncle, the butler at the great house close by Brigford, had made a pet of him in his early boyhood, and it was on a visit to this uncle that the confectioners' shops in that brilliant town had, on a single day, fired his tender imagination. He carried home the pleasing illusion that a confectioner must be at once the happiest and the foremost of men, since the things he made were not only the most beautiful to behold, but the very best eating, and such as the Lord Mayor must always order largely for his private recreation; so that when his father declared he must be put to a trade, David chose his line without a moment's hesitation, and, with a rashness inspired by a sweet tooth, wedded himself irrevocably to confectionery. Soon, however, the tooth lost its relish and fell into blank indifference, and all the while his mind expanded, his ambition took new shapes, which could hardly be satisfied within the sphere his youthful ardor had chosen. But what was he to do? He was a young man of much mental activity, and, above all, gifted with a spirit of contrivance; but then his faculties would not tell with great effect in any other medium than that of candied sugars, conserves, and pastry. Say what you will about the identity of the reasoning process in all branches of thought, or about the advantage of coming to subjects with a fresh mind, the adjustment of butter to flour, and of heat to pastry, is *not* the best preparation for the office of Prime Minister; besides, in the present imperfectly organized state of society there are social barriers. David could invent delightful things in the way of drop-cakes, and he had the widest views of the "rock" department; but in other directions he certainly felt hampered by the want of knowledge and practical skill; and the world is so inconveniently constituted that the vague consciousness of being a fine fellow is no guarantee of success in any line of business.

This difficulty pressed with some severity on Mr. David Faux even before his apprenticeship was ended. His soul swelled with an impatient sense that he ought to become something very remarkable—that it was quite out of the question for him to put up with a narrow lot as other men did: he scorned the idea that he could accept an average. He was sure there was nothing average about him: even such a person as Mrs. Tibbits, the washer-woman, perceived it, and probably had a preference for his linen. At that particular period he was weighing out gingerbread-nuts; but such an anomaly could not continue. No position could be suited to Mr. David Faux that was not in the highest degree easy to the flesh and flattering to the spirit. If he had fallen on the present times, and enjoyed the advantages of a Mechanics' Institute, he would certainly have taken to literature and have written reviews; but his education had not been liberal. He had read some novels from the adjoining circulating library, and had even bought the story of *Inkle and Yarico* which had made him feel very sorry for poor Mr. Inkle, so that his ideas might not have been below the mark of the literary calling; but his spelling and diction were too unconventional.

When a man is not adequately appreciated or comfortably placed in his own country, his thoughts naturally turn toward foreign climes; and David's imagination circled round and round the utmost limits of his geographical knowledge in search of a country where a young gentleman of pasty visage, lipless mouth, and stumpy hair would be likely to be received with the hospitable enthusiasm which he had a right to expect. Having a general idea of America as a country where the population was chiefly black, it appeared to him the most propitious destination for an emigrant who, to begin with, had the broad and easily recognizable merit of whiteness; and this idea gradually took such strong possession of him that Satan seized the opportunity of suggesting to him that he might emigrate under easier circumstances if he supplied himself with a little money from his master's till. But that evil spirit, whose understanding, I am convinced, has been much overrated, quite wasted his time on this occasion. David would certainly have liked well to have some of his master's money in his pocket, if he had been sure his master would have been the only man to suffer for it; but he was a cautious youth, and quite determined to run no risks on his own account. So he staid out his apprenticeship, and committed no act of dishonesty that was at all likely to be discovered, reserving his plan of emigration for a future opportunity. And the circumstances under which he carried it out were in this wise. Having been at home a week or two partaking of the family beans, he had used his leisure in ascertaining a fact which was of considerable importance to him, namely, that his mother had a small sum in guineas painfully saved from her maiden perquisites, and kept in the corner of a drawer where her baby linen had reposed for the last twenty years—ever since her son David had taken to his feet, with a slight promise of bow-legs, which had not been altogether unfulfilled. Mr. Faux, senior, had told his son very frankly that he must not look to being set up in business by *him:* with seven sons, and one of them a very healthy and well-developed idiot, who consumed a dumpling about eight inches in diameter every day, it was pretty well if they got a hundred apiece at his death. Under these circumstances, what was David to do? It was certainly hard that he should take his mother's money; but he saw no other ready means of getting any, and it was not to be expected that a young man of his merit should put up with inconveniences that could be avoided. Besides, it is not robbery to take property belonging to your mother: she doesn't prosecute you. And David was very well behaved to his mother; he comforted her by speaking highly of himself to her, and assuring her that he never fell into the vices he saw practiced by other youths of his own age, and that he was particularly fond of honesty. If his mother would have given him her twenty guineas as a reward of this noble disposition, he really would not have stolen them from her, and it would have been more agreeable to his feelings. Nevertheless, to an active mind like David's, ingenuity is not without its pleasures. It was rather an interesting occupation to become stealthily acquainted with the wards of his mother's simple key (not in the least like Chubb's patent), and to get one that would do its work equally well, and also to arrange a little drama by which he would escape suspicion, and run no risk of forfeiting the prospective hundred at his father's death, which would be convenient in the improbable case of his *not* making a large fortune in the "Indies."

First, he spoke freely of his intention to start shortly for Liverpool, and take ship for America; a resolution which cost his good mother some pain, for, after Jacob the idiot, there was not one of her sons to whom her heart clung more than to her youngest-born, David. Next, it appeared to him that Sunday afternoon, when every body was gone to church, except Jacob and the cow-boy, was so singularly favorable an opportunity for sons who wanted to appropriate their mother's guineas, that he half thought it must have been kindly intended by Providence for such purposes. Especially the third Sunday in Lent, because Jacob had been out on one of his occasional wanderings for the last two days; and David, being a timid young man, had a considerable dread and hatred of Jacob, as of a large personage who went about habitually with a pitchfork in his hand.

Nothing could be easier, then, than for David on this Sunday afternoon to decline going to church on the ground that he was going to tea at Mr. Lunn's, whose pretty daughter Sally had been an early flame of his, and, when the church-goers were at a safe distance, to abstract the guineas from their wooden box and slip them into a small canvas bag—nothing easier than to call to the cow-boy that he was going, and tell him to keep an eye on the house, for fear of Sunday tramps. David thought it would be easy, too, to get to a small thicket, and bury his bag in a hole he had already made and covered up under the roots of an old hollow ash, and he had, in fact, found the hole without a moment's difficulty, had uncovered it, and was about gently to drop the bag into it, when the sound of a large body rustling toward him with something like a bellow was such a surprise to David, who, as a gentleman gifted with much contrivance, was naturally only prepared for what he expected, that instead of dropping the bag gently, he let it fall so as to make it untwist, and vomit forth the shining guineas. In the same moment he looked up and saw his dear brother Jacob close upon him, holding the pitchfork so that the bright smooth prongs were a yard in advance of his own body, and about a foot off David's. (A learned friend, to whom I once narrated this history, observed that it was David's guilt which made these prongs formidable, and that the *mens nil conscia sibi* strips a pitchfork of all terrors. I thought this idea so valuable, that I obtained his leave to use it on condition of suppressing his name.) Nevertheless, David did not entirely lose his presence of mind; for in that case he would have sunk on the earth or started backward; whereas he kept his ground and smiled at Jacob, who nodded his head up and down, and said, "Hoich, Zavy!" in a painfully equivocal manner. David's heart was beating audibly, and if he had had any lips they would have been pale; but his mental activity, instead of being paralyzed, was stimulated; while he was inwardly praying (he always prayed when he was much frightened)—"O, save me this once, and I'll never get into danger again!"—he was thrusting his hand into his pocket in search of a box of yellow lozenges, which he had brought with him from Brigford among other delicacies of the same portable kind, as a means of conciliating proud beauty, and more particularly the beauty of Miss Sarah Lunn. Not one of these delicacies had he ever offered to poor Jacob, for David was not a young man to waste his jujubes and barley-sugar in giving pleasure to people from whom he expected nothing. But an idiot with equivocal intentions and a pitchfork is as well worth flattering and cajoling as if he were Louis Napoleon. So David, with a promptitude equal to the occasion, drew out his box of yellow lozenges, lifted the lid, and performed a pantomime with his mouth and fingers, which was meant to imply that he was delighted to see his dear brother Jacob, and seized the opportunity of making him a small present, which he would find particularly agreeable to the taste. Jacob, you understand, was not an intense idiot, but within a certain limited range knew how to choose the good and reject the evil. He took one lozenge, by way of test, and sucked it as if he had been a philosopher; then, in as great an ecstasy at its new and complex savor as Caliban at the taste of Trinculo's wine, chuckled and stroked this suddenly beneficent brother, and held out his hand for more; for, except in fits of anger, Jacob was not ferocious or needlessly predatory. David's courage half returned, and he left off praying; pouring a dozen lozenges into Jacob's palm, and trying to look very fond of him. He congratulated himself that he had formed the plan of going to see Miss Sally Lunn this afternoon, and that, as a consequence, he had brought with him these propitiatory delicacies. He was certainly a lucky fellow; indeed, it was always likely Providence should be fonder of him than of other apprentices, and since he *was* to be interrupted, why, an idiot was preferable to any other sort of witness. For the first time in his life David thought he saw the advantage of idiots.

As for Jacob, he had thrust his pitchfork into the ground, and had thrown himself down beside it, in thorough abandonment to the unprecedented pleasure of having five lozenges in his mouth at once, blinking meanwhile, and making inarticulate sounds of gustative content. He had not yet given any sign of noticing the guineas, but in seating himself he had laid his broad right hand on them, and unconsciously kept it in that position, absorbed in the sensations of his palate. If he could only be kept so occupied with the lozenges as not to see the guineas before David could manage to cover them! That was David's best hope of safety, for Jacob knew his mother's guineas; it had been part of their common experience as boys to be allowed to look at these handsome coins, and rattle them in their box on high days and holidays, and among all Jacob's narrow experiences as to money, this was likely to be the most memorable.

"Here, Jacob," said David, in an insinuating tone, handing the box to him, "I'll give 'em all to you. Run!—make haste!—else somebody 'll come and take 'em."

David, not having studied the psychology of idiots, was not aware that they are not to be wrought upon by imaginative fears. Jacob took the box with his left hand, but saw no necessity for running away. Was ever a promising young man wishing to lay the foundation of his fortune by appropriating his mother's guineas obstructed by such a day-mare as this? But the moment must come when Jacob would move his right hand to draw off the lid of the tin box, and then David would sweep the guineas into the hole with the utmost address and swiftness, and immediately seat himself upon them. Ah, no! It's of no use to have foresight when you are dealing with an idiot; he is not to be calculated upon. Jacob's right hand was given to vague clutching and throwing; it suddenly clutched the guineas as if they had been so many pebbles, and was raised in an attitude which promised to scatter them like seed over a distant bramble, when, from some prompting or other—probably of an unwonted sensation—it paused, descended to Jacob's knee, and opened slowly under the inspection of Jacob's dull eyes. David began to pray again, but immediately desisted—another resource having occurred to him.

"Mother! zinnies!" exclaimed the innocent Jacob. Then, looking at David, he said, interrogatively, "Box?"

"Hush! hush!" said David, summoning all his ingenuity in this severe strait. "See, Jacob!" He took the tin box from his brother's hand, and emptied it of the lozenges, returning half of them to Jacob, but secretly keeping the rest in his own hand. Then he held out the empty box, and said, "Here's the box, Jacob—the box for the guineas," gently sweeping them from Jacob's palm into the box.

This procedure was not objectionable to Jacob; on the contrary, the guineas clinked so pleasantly as they fell, that he wished for a repetition of the sound, and snatching the box, began to rattle it very gleefully. David, seizing the opportunity, deposited his reserve of lozenges in the ground and hastily swept some earth over them. "Look, Jacob," he said at last. Jacob paused from his clinking, and looked into the hole, while David began to scratch away the earth, as if in doubtful expectation. When the lozenges were laid bare, he took them out one by one, and gave them to Jacob.

"Hush!" he said, in a loud whisper; "tell nobody—all for Jacob—hush—sh—sh! Put guineas in the hole—they'll come out like this." To make the lesson more complete, he took a guinea, and lowering it into the hole, said, "Put in *so*." Then, as he took the last lozenge out, he said, "Come out *so*," and put the lozenge into Jacob's hospitable mouth.

Jacob turned his head on one side, looked first at his brother and then at the hole, like a reflective monkey, and, finally, laid the box of guineas in the hole with much decision. David made haste to add every one of the stray coins, put on the lid, and covered it well with earth, saying, in his most coaxing tone,

"Take 'm out to-morrow, Jacob; all for Jacob! Hush—sh—sh!"

Jacob, to whom this once indifferent brother had all at once become a sort of sweet-tasted Fetich, stroked David's best coat with his adhesive fingers, and then hugged him with an accompaniment of that mingled chuckling and gurgling by which he was accustomed to express the milder passions. But if he had chosen to bite a small morsel out of his beneficent brother's cheek, David would have been obliged to bear it.

And here I must pause to point out to you the short-sightedness of human contrivance. This ingenious young man, Mr. David Faux, thought he had achieved a triumph of cunning when he had associated himself in his brother's rudimentary mind with the flavor of yellow lozenges. But he had yet to learn that it is a dreadful thing to make an idiot fond of you, when you yourself are not of an affectionate disposition; especially an idiot with a pitchfork—obviously a difficult friend to shake off by rough usage.

It may seem to you rather a blundering contrivance for a clever young man to bury the guineas. But if every thing had turned out as David had calculated, you would have seen that his plan was worthy of his talents. The guineas would have lain safely in the earth while the theft was discovered, and David, with the calm of conscious innocence, would have lingered at home, reluctant to say good-by to his dear mother while she was in grief about her guineas; till at length, on the eve of his departure, he would have disinterred them in the strictest privacy, and carried them on his own person without inconvenience. But David, you perceive, had reckoned without his host, or, to speak more precisely, without his idiot brother—an item of so uncertain and fluctuating a character, that I doubt whether he would not have puzzled the astute heroes of M. De Balzac, whose foresight is so remarkably at home in the future.

It was clear to David now that he had only one alternative before him—he must either renounce the guineas, by quietly putting them back in his mother's drawer (a course not unattended with difficulty), or he must leave more than a suspicion behind him, by departing early next morning without giving notice, and with the guineas in his pocket. For if he gave notice that he was going, his mother, he knew, would insist on fetching from her box of guineas the three she had always promised him as his share; indeed, in his original plan he had counted on this as a means by which the theft would be discovered under circumstances that would themselves speak for his innocence; but now, as I need hardly explain to you, that well-combined plan was completely frustrated. Even if David could have bribed Jacob with perpetual lozenges, an idiot's secrecy is itself betrayal. He dared not even go to tea at Mr. Lunn's, for in that case he would have lost sight of Jacob, who, in his impatience for the crop of lozenges, might scratch up the box again while he was absent, and carry it home—depriving him at once of reputation and guineas. No! he must think of nothing all the rest of this day but of coaxing Jacob and keeping him out of mischief. It was a fatiguing and anxious evening to David; nevertheless, he dared not go to sleep without tying a piece of string to his thumb and great toe, to secure his frequent waking; for he meant to be up with the first peep of dawn, and be far out of reach before breakfast-time. His father, he thought, would certainly cut him off with a shilling; but what then? Such a striking young man as he would be sure to be well received in the West Indies: in foreign countries there are always openings—even for cats. It was probable that some Princess Yarico would want him to marry her, and make him presents of very large jewels beforehand, after which he needn't marry her unless he liked. David had made up his mind not to steal any more, even from people who were fond of him; it was an unpleasant way of making your fortune in a world where you were likely to be surprised in the act by brothers. Such alarms did not agree with David's constitution, and he had felt so much nausea this evening that I have no doubt his liver was affected. Besides, he would have been greatly hurt not to be thought well of in the world; he always meant to make a figure, and be thought worthy of the best seats and the best morsels.

Ruminating to this effect on the brilliant future in reserve for him, David, by the help of his check-string, kept himself on the alert to seize the time of earliest dawn for his rising and departure. His brothers, of course, were early risers, but he should anticipate them by at least an hour and a half, and the little room which he had to himself as only an occasional visitor had its window over the horse-block, so that he could slip out through the window without the least difficulty. Jacob, the horrible Jacob, had an awkward trick of getting up before every body else, to stem his hunger by emptying the milk bowl that was "duly set" for him; but of late he had taken to sleeping in the hay-loft, and if he came into the house, it would be on the opposite side to that from which David was making his exit. There was no need to think of Jacob, yet David was liberal enough to bestow a curse on him—it was the only thing he ever did bestow gratuitously. His small bundle of clothes was ready packed, and he was soon treading lightly on the steps of the horse-block, soon walking at a smart pace across the fields toward the thicket. It would take him no more than two minutes to get out the box; he could make out the tree it was under by the pale strip where the bark was off, although the dawning light was rather dimmer in the thicket. But what, in the name of—burned pastry—was that large body with a staff planted beside it, close at the foot of the ash-tree? David paused, not to make up his mind as to the nature of the apparition—he had not the happiness of doubting for a moment that the staff was Jacob's pitchfork—but to gather the self-command necessary for addressing his brother with a sufficiently honeyed accent. Jacob was absorbed in scratching up the earth, and had not heard David's approach.

"I say, Jacob," said David, in a loud whisper, just as the tin box was lifted out of the hole.

Jacob looked up, and discerning his sweet-flavored brother, nodded and grinned in the dim light in a way that made him seem to David like a triumphant demon. If he had been of an impetuous disposition, he would have snatched the pitchfork from the ground and impaled this fraternal demon. But David was by no means impetuous; he was a young man greatly given to calculate consequences—a habit which has been held to be the foundation of virtue. But somehow it had not precisely that effect in David; he calculated whether an action would harm himself, or whether it would only harm other people. In the former case he was very timid about satisfying his immediate desires, but in the latter he would risk the result with much courage.

"Give it *me*, Jacob," he said, stooping down and patting his brother. "Let us see."

Jacob, finding the lid rather tight, gave the box to his brother in perfect faith. David raised the lid and shook his head, while Jacob put his finger in and took out a guinea to taste whether the metamorphosis into lozenges was complete and satisfactory.

"No, Jacob; too soon, too soon," said David, when the guinea had been tasted. "Give it me; we'll go and bury it somewhere else. We'll put it in yonder," he added, pointing vaguely toward the distance.

David screwed on the lid, while Jacob, looking grave, rose and grasped his pitchfork. Then seeing David's bundle, he snatched it, like a too-officious Newfoundland, stuck his pitchfork into it, and carried it over his shoulder in triumph, as he accompanied David and the box out of the thicket.

What on earth was David to do? It would have been easy to frown at Jacob, and kick him, and order him to get away; but David dared as soon have kicked the bull. Jacob was quiet as long as he was treated indulgently; but on the slightest show of anger he became unmanageable, and was liable to fits of fury, which would have made him formidable even without his pitchfork. There was no mastery to be obtained over him except by kindness or guile. David tried guile.

"Go, Jacob," he said, when they were out of the thicket, pointing toward the house as he spoke —"go and fetch me a spade—a spade. But give *me* the bundle," he added, trying to reach it from the fork, where it hung high above Jacob's tall shoulder.

But Jacob showed as much alacrity in obeying as a wasp shows in leaving a sugar basin. Near David, he felt himself in the vicinity of lozenges; he chuckled and rubbed his brother's back, brandishing the bundle higher out of reach. David, with an inward groan, changed his tactics, and walked on as fast as he could. It was not safe to linger. Jacob would get tired of following him, or, at all events, could be eluded. If they could once get to the distant high-road, a coach would overtake them, David would mount it, having previously, by some ingenious means, secured his bundle, and then Jacob might howl and flourish his pitchfork as much as he liked. Meanwhile he was under the fatal necessity of being very kind to this ogre, and of providing a large breakfast for him when they stopped at a road-side inn. It was already three hours since they had started, and David was tired. Would no coach be coming up soon? he inquired. No coach for the next two hours. But there was a carrier's cart to come immediately, on its way to the next town. If he could slip out, even leaving his bundle behind, and get into the cart without Jacob! But there was a new obstacle. Jacob had recently discovered a remnant of sugar-candy in one of his brother's tail-pockets, and since then had cautiously kept his hold on that limb of the garment, perhaps with an expectation that there would be a further development of sugar-candy after a longer or shorter interval. Now every one who has worn a coat will understand the sensibilities that must keep a man from starting away in a hurry when there is a grasp on his coat tail. David looked forward to being well received among strangers, but it might make a difference if he had only one tail to his coat.

He felt himself in a cold perspiration. He could walk no more; he must get into the cart and let Jacob get in with him. Presently a cheering idea occurred to him. After so large a breakfast, Jacob would be sure to go to sleep in the cart; you see at once that David meant to seize his bundle, jump out, and be free. His expectation was partly fulfilled; Jacob did go to sleep in the cart, but it was in a peculiar attitude—it was with his arms tightly fastened round his dear brother's body; and if ever David attempted to move, the grasp tightened with the force of an affectionate boa-constrictor.

"Th' innicent's fond on you," observed the carrier, thinking that David was probably an amiable brother, and wishing to pay him a compliment.

David groaned. The ways of thieving were not ways of pleasantness. Oh, why had he an idiot brother? Or why, in general, was the world so constituted that a man could not take his mother's guineas comfortably? David became grimly speculative.

Copious dinner at noon for Jacob, but little dinner, because little appetite, for David. Instead of eating, he plied Jacob with beer; for through this liberality he descried a hope. Jacob fell into a dead sleep at last, *without* having his arms round David, who paid the reckoning, took his bundle, and walked off. In another half hour he was on the coach on his way to Liverpool, smiling the smile of the triumphant wicked. He was rid of Jacob—he was bound for the Indies, where a gullible princess awaited him. He would never steal any more, but there would be no need; he would show himself so deserving, that people would make him presents freely. He must give up the notion of his father's legacy; but it was not likely he would ever want that trifle; and even if he did, why, it was a compensation to think that in being forever divided from his family he was divided from Jacob, more terrible than Gorgon or Demogorgon to David's timid green eyes. Thank Heaven, he should never see Jacob any more!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHARLES ALBERT AND NOVARA.

Charles Albert, the descendant of an intelligent race, brave yet irresolute, acute, far-seeing, but too often inactive, led on, or rather followed, the liberal impulses of his countrymen, and aspired to become the deliverer and the King of Italy. In his youth he had belonged to the reactionary faction, had slumbered beneath the ascendency of the ultramontanes and the **Bourbons**, had left Turin and Piedmont the centre of clerical and temporal despotism, and had reigned with a severity that made even the Austrian rule seem tolerable. It is estimated that in wealth, numbers, and influence the papal clergy of Piedmont surpassed that of Belgium; and the despotic King ruled with an authority that no other state save Naples could equal. A sudden impulse raised **Charles Albert** from his lethargy. In 1846–47 he began his new and brief career. **D'Azeglio**, **Cavour**, **La Marmora**, were his advisers. He set free the Vaudois, he restrained the clergy, he conceived the design of driving the Austrians from Italy, and saw, perhaps, far away that glittering crown that was to descend upon the brow of **Victor Emanuel**. Possibly the impulse that marked his later life came from the example and the promises of the new, the bold, the liberal Pope **Pius IX.**, who had just ascended the papal chair, and who had stirred the hearts of all patriotic Italians by his apparent hostility to the Austrian domination, and his resolution to give freedom to Rome, and perhaps Italy. Amidst the wild acclamations of his people, the brilliant orator and enthusiast entered upon his pontifical rule. **Pius IX.** gave hope to Italians. **Pius IX.**, in 1846–47, was looked upon as the radical and the reformer. His words were full of the ideas of constitutional liberty, and his fancied patriotism set all Italy in a flame. It was the liberal ideas proclaimed by the Pope in 1847 that in 1870 dashed down his temporal throne.

Somewhat inactive, often undecided, **Charles Albert** was meditating upon the future that might lie before him, when in a moment all Europe was shaken by a general revolution. It was the wonderful period of 1848. Thrones and dynasties were falling on all sides, the popular movement overturned in a moment ancient institutions, and Europe, mastered by the people, presented a singular spectacle of exiled kings, humbled autocrats, and dissolving monarchies. The great and haughty Emperor of Austria, the tyrant of Italy, fled, dethroned and terrified, from Vienna. The King of Prussia scarcely felt safe on the throne of **Frederick**, and **Humboldt** led the throngs that demanded a new Constitution for his country. In every German principality there were riot and revolution. In France, the apparent author of the change, there was a republic. In England, the Chartist revolutionists approached London, and **Victoria** and **Albert** trembled before the uprising of the people. But all over Italy this remarkable popular agitation seemed to reach its highest ardor, and here took the form of a resolution to expel the Austrians and to create a united country. Milan and Venice, Rome, Naples, Genoa, blazed with an intense patriotism. There was a cry for war against the Austrians; the Pope, it was believed, would support the measure. The armies of Italy assembled, and **Charles Albert**, forced on by circumstances, eager yet irresolute, brave yet doubtful, placed himself in front of the armies of his country.

With seventy thousand men, composed chiefly of his own troops, but aided by the patriotic contingents from Tuscany, Rome, and the southern peninsula, the King approached the Austrian lines in Lombardy. The famous Quadrilateral was then the strongest of European fortresses, the sharp curb that held in check the restive spirit of Italy. Almost impregnable, the four cities of Mantua, Peschiera, Verona, Legnano, formed the citadels of an immense intrenched camp, defended by some of the best soldiers of the day, and led by the skillful **Radetzky**. But the moment seemed favorable for **Charles Albert**. There was no longer any Austria. Hungary was in revolt, the ancient empire of the **Hapsburgs** had dissolved into hostile fragments, and **Radetzky's** army, weakened and divided, was almost all that was left of the Austrian power. **Charles Albert** threatened Peschiera, assaulted Mantua in vain; but when the Austrian approached him, and gave battle on the plain, **Radetzky's** inferior forces were defeated by the brave Piedmontese. They proclaimed on the field of victory **Charles Albert** "King of Italy." Peschiera fell. For a moment it seemed that the peninsula was free. A thrill of exultation swept to the limits of Calabria, and France and England watched with jealous distrust the apparent rise of a new nation. The brief vision was soon over. One important measure **Charles Albert** had neglected: he had left unguarded the Alpine passes. Great squadrons of Austrians poured in at the open door, and **Radetzky** was once more a match for the vast but disorderly host that had flocked to the banners of the King. The Neapolitans, Tuscans, Roman democrats, patient Piedmontese, filled up the patriot ranks. But order and union were wanting. A swift reverse came, and **Radetzky** broke with ease the hesitating army; an armistice was signed, and the Sardinian King, beaten and disheartened, returned to Turin. Thus ended the first war of Italian independence, as it is called; and but for some vigorous sallies by **Garibaldi**, some bold declamation at Rome, all Italy had sunk into an abject submission.

The second war for Italian freedom lasted scarcely four days. In March, 1849, a progressive ministry had risen to power at Turin. The King was forced to declare the termination of the armistice, and once more, at the head of an Italian army, **Charles Albert** marched against the veteran **Radetzky**. But it was no longer a weak and divided foe with whom he was now to contend, for Austria had sent its best troops to Lombardy, and with tenacious grasp held the rich province as the choicest possession of its crown. Even the Hungarian officers, it is said, were bitter foes of the Italian rebels, and **Charles Albert's** motley army, made up of levies and contingents from various states, disorderly, ill paid, and imperfectly provided, showed only the courage of despair. The King, cold, silent, emaciated, careworn, fought bravely, with his sons, at the front of his soldiers. No one ever accused the Sardinian ruler of want of courage, but from his countenance there gleamed no ray of hope. The campaign was opened March 20. The Piedmontese forces, led by a foreign adventurer, a Pole, fought well, but were steadily driven back; treason and cowardice completed their ruin; and at last, at Novara—a name long terrible in the ears of Piedmontese patriots—the Italians and the Austrians met in a deadly encounter. A part of the Italians showed their usual courage, a part fled in cowardice or treason. The King and his sons risked their lives for Italy and Turin—the first among the combatants—but the pale, stern countenance of **Charles Albert** showed no trace of confidence. He sought only a soldier's death amidst his flying army, but it was denied him. "Is there not a cannon-ball for us to-day?" he cried, and felt that for him all was lost, and even honor. That evening he abdicated his throne in favor of his son **Victor Emanuel**, fled from his ancestral realm in grief and shame to hide in a foreign land, and died soon after (July 29) at Oporto. Italy still mourns her first, her exiled, unhappy King, forgets his errors, and remembers only that he fought bravely in her cause. **Victor Emanuel** signed an armistice with **Radetzky** on the evening of the battle of Novara. England and France interfered to obtain moderate terms for fallen Piedmont. **Victor Emanuel** began his reign the master of a ruined, a bankrupt realm, and scarcely did it seem possible that he would be able to maintain a spark of constitutional liberty amidst the intense despotism that spread once more over Italy.

Meantime that singular rising of the people in 1848—the humaner Jacquerie of the nineteenth century—had closed every where in a sudden return of the reactionists to power. The kings were on their thrones again; Austria was herself once more—cruel, despotic, morose, reactionary; France was seized upon by a fanatical adventurer; Prussia and Germany were at rest; in England conservatism had replaced the perils of Chartism; and the world of 1851 seemed covered in a veil of exterior peace. But for Italy it was a peace that was more terrible than many wars. The Pope, the Italian patriots discovered, had abandoned the liberal principles he had learned in 1846, had established a new tyranny at Rome, and declared war upon modern civilization. Naples had been given over to the terrible severity of the **Bourbons**. Florence received back its ducal ruler at the command of Austria, and a foreign poetess, who had seen the joy of the Florentines in the brief moment of their freedom, lamented in "Casa Guidi Windows" their despairing apathy in its loss. It is difficult to conceive of a country more perfectly enslaved and overawed than was Italy in 1851. The Austrians at Bologna, the French at Rome, had at least the common aim to rivet her chains; England looked coldly upon the project of Italian unity and independence. Knowledge perished throughout the peninsula; courage died, except where among the hills of Piedmont **Victor Emanuel** ventured to speak of progress, and kept alive the hopes of letters and of freedom. At Novara Italy had fallen with **Charles Albert**. His grandson **Humbert**, King of a reviving nation, may see around him the fruits of a real sympathy with the principles of freedom; and because **Charles Albert** gave his life to liberal progress it is that his family are seated on the Italian throne.

Eugene Lawrence.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Herbert H. Smith has returned to Baltimore after an absence of several years employed in scientific explorations in Brazil. Leaving the United States in January, 1874, for Pará, he ascended the Amazon to Santarem, where he was engaged for two years in collecting and studying the insect fauna of that region. Subsequently he extended his explorations to the north side of the Amazon and on the tributary rivers, as far as the base of the great northern table-land.

A collection of insects made by him during this period amounted to 12,000 species, with 100,000 specimens, accompanied by copious notes on the habits, geographical distribution, etc. During 1876 and the early part of 1877 he was connected with the Brazilian Geological Commission in examining the geological structure of the country. He succeeded in making a section of the Devonian rocks of the Amazon region, and discovered a rich carboniferous bed on the north side of the Amazon, in the vicinity of Alemquer. The results of this labor are in the course of publication by **Von Haart**, of the Geological Survey.

Several months of his absence were spent in the southern part of Brazil, near Rio de Janeiro and Minas.

Mr. **Smith** has been able to make some interesting inferences in regard to the geological distribution of Brazilian animals. **Bates** and **Wallace** pointed out long ago that the Amazon forms a limit to the migration of many animals. Mr. **Smith** is of the opinion that the flood plains of the valley, which average forty miles in width, constitute a far more effectual barrier than a body of water of the same breadth. Birds and insects of powerful flight pass this distance without difficulty, and are generally found on both sides; but the sluggish species, especially the wingless forms, like spiders, are generally confined to one side or the other. This is especially shown in those hymenopterous species in which the females are wingless, as the mutillarias, pezomactri, etc. Here the distinction between the northern and southern groups is very striking.

The broad alluvial belt through which the Amazon flows constitutes a very distinct zoological province, in which many of the forms appear to have been derived from those of the high land.

The contributions of Mr. **Smith** to geographical knowledge have not been inconsiderable. His maps of the physical geography of the Lower Amazon and of three important tributaries, the Curna, the Mæcurú, and the Jaurucú, are especially noteworthy. The last mentioned has been entirely lost sight of by modern geographers, though referred to by earlier travellers. This enters the delta of the Xingú close to the Amazon, and is apparently navigable for steamers to a distance of 150 miles from its mouth.

Mr. **Smith** returns to the United States for the purpose of making arrangements for continuing his explorations for several years longer, so as to accumulate a sufficient body of facts to work out satisfactorily the entire problem of the derivation and the geographical distribution of the insects of Brazil.

According to the *Monthly Weather Review* the rain-fall in some localities in the United States during the month of November was enormous, amounting to nearly 21 inches at Point Pleasant, Louisiana; 17½ inches at Mount Washington; 12¼ inches at Cape Lookout, North Carolina; 12½ inches at Portland, Oregon; 9½ at Boston, Lynchburg, etc. As was to be expected, numerous floods resulted, which did great damage, the Potomac, Rappahannock, James, and many other streams in the East having been higher than for many years past.

The highest velocity of wind recorded was 132 miles per hour at Mount Washington, 64 at Wood's Hole, 63 at New London, 60 at Philadelphia, etc., representing no inconsiderable degree of pressure.

One of the most interesting discoveries of the late British arctic expedition was that of a body of coal, from twenty-five to thirty feet in thickness, in Discovery Harbor, this resting upon the old unfossiliferous schist of Grinnell Land. Captain **Fielden**, of the expedition, collected twenty-five species of vegetable forms from the black shales above the lignite. This formation is said by Professor **Heer** to be undoubtedly of miocene age.

We not long ago announced the discovery of a second specimen of archæopteryx, in the Solenhofen slate, near Poppenheim. As was then explained, this animal is a fossil bird of very primitive type; and the announcement of the peculiarities of the first one, by Professor **Owen**, twenty years ago, excited the liveliest interest. Unfortunately this was without a head, and otherwise defective; and the discovery of additional specimens was looked forward to to settle some important points, especially its relationship to the fossil birds of America.

An active competition arose for the possession of this second specimen both in the United States and Europe. It was offered to the Munich Museum for about $6500, and refused on account of the high price; but we now learn that it has been bought for $9000 by Dr. **Otto Volger** for the *Freie Deutsche Hochstift* in Frankfort. This is probably the highest sum ever paid for a single specimen of natural history.

The practical question as to how the whale disposes of the enormous fringes of whalebone hanging from the roof of the mouth when the jaws are closed has been settled by a communication, accompanied with illustrations, from Captain **Adams**, and published in *Land and Water* for December 1.

There appears to be no limit to the number of the gigantic saurians found in a fossil state in the formations of Western America, Professors **Cope** and **Marsh** vying with each other in the rapidity with which they announce new families, genera, and species.

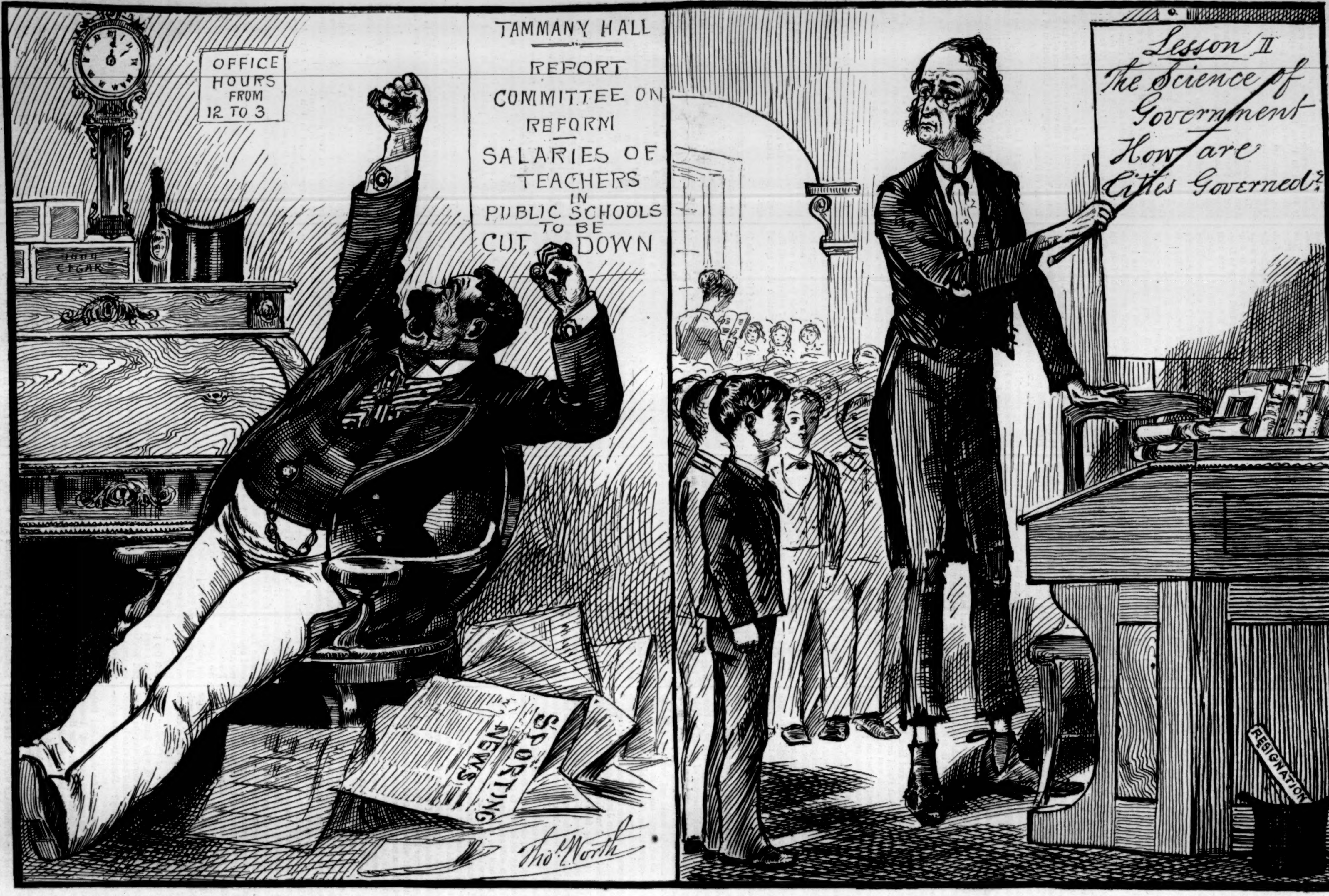
Professor **Cope** has recently announced a new genus of land lizards from the Dakota rocks of Colorado, which he calls *Amphicœlias*, especially characterized by the presence of a previously unknown element of the vertebræ.

The femur of one of the species was six feet four inches in length, and the height of a single dorsal spine was three feet two inches, showing an animal of very large dimensions, although probably slender in proportion.

Professor **Cope** in this paper refers to his genus *Camarasaurus*, which he designates as possibly the largest known saurian, the dorsal vertebræ being larger than those of the whale, measuring sixteen inches in transverse diameter.

The eleventh annual report, for 1877, of the Fish Commissioners of Maine, furnishes the usual information as to the operations connected with the protection and propagation of food fishes in that State. The Commissioners speak very encouragingly as to the results of what has been done for the increase of salmon. Great numbers of young are found in the waters, while the adults have increased enormously. The salmon fishery on the Penobscot River was larger in 1877 than it has been for many years before, some of the fish being of great size—up to 40 pounds.

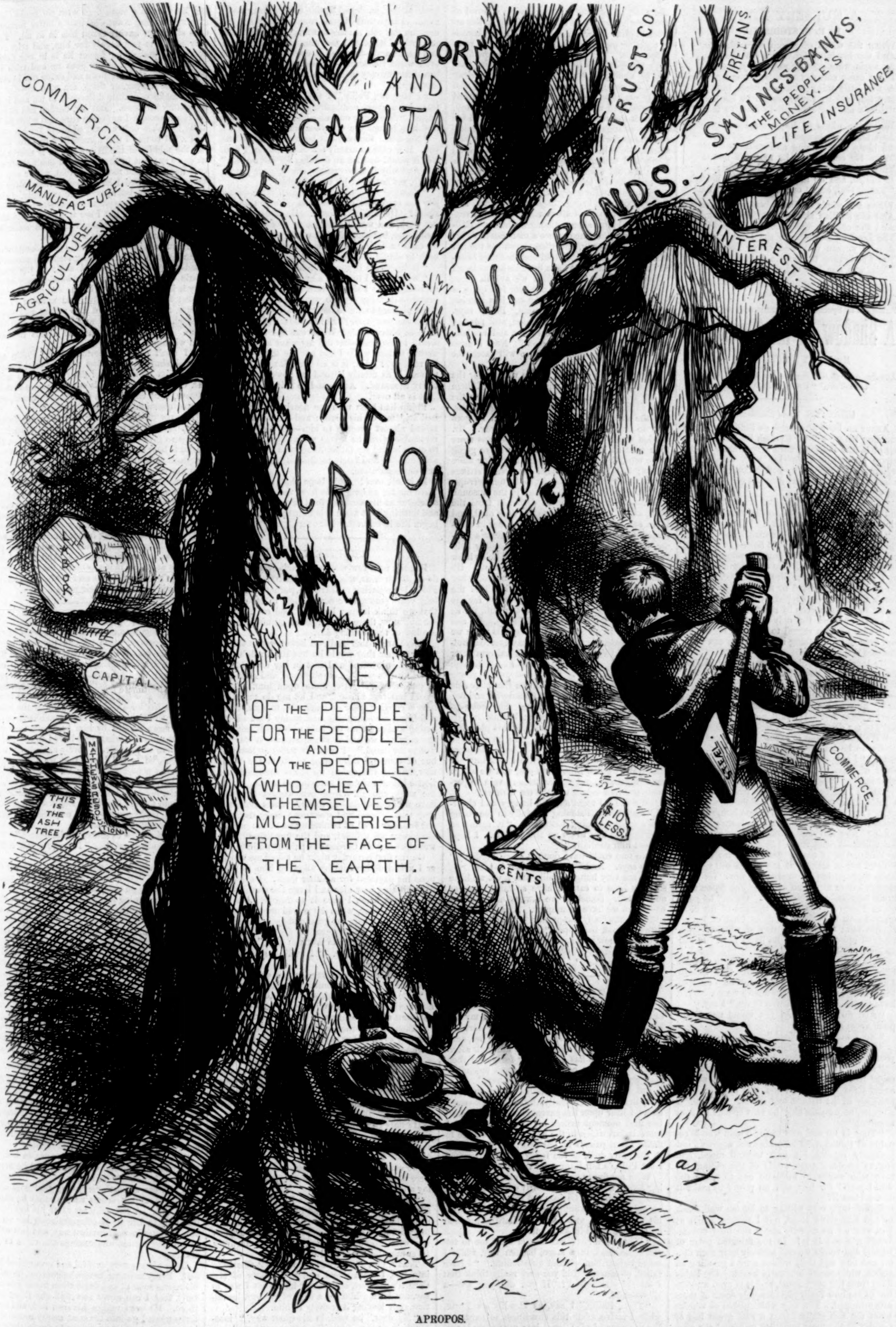
Among the fish taken was one 50 inches long, and weighing 33½ pounds. A metallic tag attached to it showed that it was one that had been liberated from the United States breeding-works at Bucksport; and on reference to Mr. **Atkins**, the superintendent, it was ascertained that this had been taken and labelled in 1875, when it measured 39½ inches in length, and weighed 16 pounds after the removal of the eggs. Allowing 20 pounds as the weight before the loss of the eggs, we have an increase of about one foot in length and 13½ pounds in weight in two years. Similar experiences as to greatly increased abundance of fish have been reported for the St. Croix and other streams.


OFFICE HOURS FROM 12 TO 3
CIGAR
TAMMANY HALL
REPORT
COMMITTEE ON
REFORM
SALARIES OF TEACHERS IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS TO BE CUT DOWN
SPORTING NEWS
Th: Nast
Lesson II
The Science of Government
How are Cities Governed?
RESIGNATION

A TAMMANY DODGE—BLOCKING THE WHEELS OF EDUCATION.

THE HIGH-SALARIED OFFICE-HOLDER WITH A SINECURE POSITION (USEFUL AT PRIMARIES).

THE UNDER-PAID TEACHER.—HIS SALARY TO BE CUT DOWN, THE BETTER TO SUPPORT THE POLITICAL BEATS.


LABOR AND CAPITAL
COMMERCE.
TRADE.
MANUFACTURE.
AGRICULTURE.
TRUST CO.
FIRE-INS.
SAVINGS-BANKS.
THE PEOPLE'S MONEY.
LIFE INSURANCE
U.S. BONDS.
INTEREST.
OUR NATIONAL CREDIT.
THE MONEY OF THE PEOPLE. FOR THE PEOPLE. AND BY THE PEOPLE! (WHO CHEAT THEMSELVES) MUST PERISH FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH.
LABOR.
CAPITAL.
THIS IS THE ASH TREE
MATTHEW'S RESOLUTION.
100 CENTS
$10 LESS.
STEEL
COMMERCE
Th: Nast.

APROPOS.

A Man came into a forest, and made a petition to the Trees to provide him a handle for his axe. The Trees consented to his request, and gave him a young Ash-tree. No sooner had the man fitted from it a new handle to his axe than he began to use it, and quickly felled with his strokes the noblest giants of the forest. An old Oak, lamenting when too late the destruction of his companions, said to a neighboring Cedar: "The first step has lost us all. If we had not given up the rights of the Ash, we might yet have retained our own privileges, and have stood for ages."

A NURSERY DITTY.

By R. H. STODDARD.

WHEN the winds of March were blowing,
And the low-hung heavens were snowing,
As souls were coming and going,
There came one day to a poor woman's bed
A wee little thing with a hairless head;
It cried, and its father sighed in his need,
"Here's one more mouth to feed, to feed!"

When the winds of May were blowing,
And the apple blossoms were snowing,
As birds were coming and going,
There lay one day on its mother's breast
This dear little pet in dreamless rest:
It smiled, and its mother was proud indeed,
"Thank God, here's one more mouth to feed!"

When the winds of December were roaring,
And the swollen streams were imploring,
And the choir in the church were adoring
The Lord of Storms, and the Lord of Calms,
A poor woman wept and wrung her palms,
Too woe-begone to count a bead:
There was one less mouth to feed, to feed!
Kyrie eleison!

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

A Shadow on the Threshold.

By MARY CECIL HAY,

AUTHOR OF "OLD MYDDELTON'S MONEY," "NORA'S LOVE-TEST," "UNDER THE WILL," ETC.

CHAPTER V.—(*Continued.*)

ABOUT an hour afterward, as Philip and I are standing before a little Kentish landscape, talking of it, and fancying such a spot close to our future home, where we may walk on summer evenings after our day's work is done, I am surprised to find that the old man has come sauntering up to us.

"That," he remarks, joining us quite coolly, and pointing with his stick to the little painting, "looks a sleepy spot, doesn't it?"

"I went down to that Kentish valley lately," Philip says, "to study the wild flowers. It is not more than twenty miles from London, though there is no railway to it. No one ever dies there, or, I should think, ever lies awake. The people all have breakfasted by six, dined by eleven, drunk tea by three, supped by six, and are expected to be fast asleep by eight. They all work out-of-doors, and the only one thing they are quite sure of with regard to London is that no one ever does any thing here. 'Who can work in-doors?' they say."

My laugh dies suddenly, because the old gentleman questions Philip so harshly. "And aren't they right? Look at the holidays *you* are taking—now in the prime of your life. I am an old man," he goes on, with a change of tone; "you must excuse me. I would give the world for some of my days—my working-days—back."

"We have nothing to excuse," Philip answers, gently, as he looks down upon the bowed, bent head. "I suppose age gives all of us 'a keener sense of what should be, a greater pain to see what is.'"

"Don't I remind you," the old man asks, with a grim little smile, "of the alderman who entreated the beggar to go away from him, she distressed him so much, because he hadn't her appetite? Now will you have a cup of tea with me? Your little—friend there," he adds, with a smile to Philip, "looks tired. Bless me! you needn't look at her in alarm. A cup of tea will refresh her. Sight-seeing is wearisome work for her, though I dare say, even at home, she doesn't lie in an easy-chair all day. Eh? Come," he goes on, as Philip laughs at the thought of my days spent in an easy-chair, "I'm as fond of tea as Hazlitt was; as poor Poe was of wine, or Coleridge of opium. There's no harm in it. It will do good to—to you both."

Very politely, even gratefully, Philip thanks him and refuses, and I am very glad. Still (though I'm sure I don't know why), I can't help offering the old man my hand again before we go. "We have promised to be at home to tea," I say.

"And do you pretend you would not disappoint them at home?"

"No, I would not indeed."

"Then you are a sillier girl even than I thought you."

"Is that possible?" I ask, laughing, laying my other hand on Philip's arm, because I see an angry light in his eyes, and this stranger is so unhappy in his nature, and so old. "Philip," I whisper, as we pass on, "he only speaks without thinking."

"That is no real excuse for a man who is capable of thinking," Philip answers, angrily; but presently regains his own natural mood, and speaks compassionate words of the solitary old man, who seems to have no one to make the world joyful for him, and no power to make it so for himself.

Philip isn't very willing to let me walk back to the Kingsland Road, but I persuade him at last, and we go merrily along the busy streets. What a scene it is! In the mingled noise of wheels and voices we can scarcely hear each other, and now and then we see a man grinding an organ, while never a note is heard. The lights flare from the open stalls, and it is even a pleasure to see how really picturesquely some of them are arranged. The tiny white plates of whelks upon the fish stalls lie on a soft green bed of parsley in the most tempting way, and the glaring lights upon another stall bring brilliant flashes from the penny brooches below. One old man talks uninterruptedly and cheerfully to promiscuous passers-by, without even looking up, as he peels the great onions which are his special merchandise, and on the stall next to his a crowd of drooping asters try to look bravely up in the artificial light. A group of women gossip earnestly together over the relative merits of two rose-laden caps. The girl who has her barrow filled with water-cresses lets possible customers pass her by unnoticed, while she pores over a stray sheet of some torn periodical. Children, who surely ought to be in bed, stand open-mouthed and open-eyed before a gorgeous display of toys, to which the restless blazing light must lend for them a strange enchantment. Behind a dangerous pile of florid cups and saucers a boy sits fast asleep, while his little sister (very wide-awake) firmly and patiently refuses to be cajoled by a garrulous old woman into lowering the price of an earthenware tea-pot. All are busy. There seem customers for every thing—coal-scuttles and cutlery, books and songs, bags and buttons. But there is most to do of all among the fish and vegetables, and most silence among the books. Philip shows me one place where a man can have his dinner for a penny, and then shows me the inn where an old sailor once told him that they brewed their own Bass. What a little makes us laugh to-day, and how independent we are in these crowded streets! Can any one ever feel quite as solitary in a country lane as he can in a London street? "It's always the same," Philip says. "It is always 'the long procession, still passing to and fro; the young heart hot and restless, and the old subdued and slow!' Now I must call for my bag, Jeanie, and we will catch the tram."

There are two or three people waiting for the tram-car, and I see in a minute that one of them is our new lodger. He looks eagerly along the road as he stands there, and so does not see us, but the moment Philip recognizes him he goes over to him in his friendly, sociable way. Mr. Carden starts a little to see us, and lisps more than ever as he shyly asks us if we are going home now, and then seems to have nothing more to say; but I think perhaps his silence strikes me the more from its contrast to the uninterrupted arguing of that old gentleman in the museum. A timid-looking old woman descends from the tram, as we make our way to the door of it, and I can see her pause and look about her in a bewildered, rather hopeless way. I hesitate a minute, wondering whether I can not possibly help her, and Philip sees what I mean, and holds back too for the car to go on its way without us. He is able to direct the old woman, and he takes her safely over the crossing, and puts her into the right way; then we go back to be ready for the next car. And there is Mr. Carden still, for as we could not go, he has waited for us. He sits very quietly in a corner of the omnibus when we take our seats, his rather thin gray overcoat buttoned up to the neck, and a great red comforter tied over it. He never speaks at all, though Philip sits next him and I opposite. The young mother who sits nearest Philip on the other side looks so weak and tired that I bend over and beg to take her baby for a little time. She looks astonished, but gives it to me, and while it falls asleep in my arms, Philip chats, in his pleasant, gentle way, with the mother. And by the time we stop, and I give back her baby, he has brought quite a bright and almost untired look into her face. Mr. Carden follows us out, and we all go home together; but father tries in vain to persuade our new lodger to have tea with us.

"We are all together, and hungry and cheerful," father says, listening wistfully to the young man's quiet receding footsteps. "It seems so cheerless for him to go up there alone. I hope I asked him cordially."

"No one could have done it more cordially," Philip says. And we all know that is true.

We are very hungry, Philip and I, yet we have scarcely time to eat, we have so much to hear and to tell. Somehow we always have—all of us—when we have been apart. And then this is such an unusually happy day. "A day for me always to look back upon," I say to Philip, when he tells me how he has enjoyed it. "And to-morrow will be Sunday. Oh, what happy days I shall have to remember!"

CHAPTER VI.

ON the following Monday afternoon Lottie goes to school, and I think never but once in my life have I felt prouder than when I see her start off.

"Aunt Charlotte," I say, as I sit near her, sewing and minding the shop, "let us fancy all afternoon that Lottie has gone away for good; then won't her coming home to tea seem splendid? How empty the house feels without her!"

But Aunt Charlotte has fallen asleep, so I sew away in silence. Presently, through the two open doors, I hear upon the pavement a step which in the first moment makes my heart beat as if I knew it, but which in the next sounds strange to me. Yet it pauses at our door, and then—then in the early dusk of the foggy winter afternoon I see Philip's tall form enter the shop.

With my finger on my lips to prevent his waking Aunt Charlotte, I step softly out of the parlor and join him; but he does not come to meet me; he only stands leaning against the counter, with his arms folded, and a strange hard expression on his face as he looks at me.

"What is it? What do you want me to tell you?" he asks, in a stern, broken way, while I stand before him without questioning. "I have failed, of course. Did you ever really think that I should succeed—I? If you did, you are—a silly—child."

"Then, Philip," I say, as steadily as I can, while I strive after this steadiness so hard that the pressure of my fingers into my palms is real agony, "you will go to America, and—get—rich—there."

"Oh, my darling!" Philip cries, and all the cruel hardness melts from his eyes as he draws me close, close within his arm. "I have felt a brute all day, hardened by this newest disappointment. I have walked quite twenty miles since the decision was told me this morning, trying to think patiently of it before I saw you. But it got worse and worse, and—knowing it could not be harder even when you knew—I came to tell you. My love, your bravery makes me almost brave, and—less unjust."

"I suppose, Philip," I say, keeping back my tears by a great obstinacy, as he calls himself unjust, "that some one else had the post promised him, before you saw your old master."

"No, dear; the post has been given to no one yet. It is only so utterly out of my power, I find. Yet it would be such an opening for me, Jeanie."

"And why is it so utterly out of your power, Philip, yet not filled by any one else?"

"Because the man who is chosen must—must *pay* the man who chooses him. Do you understand? He taught me once. He thinks well of my work, and would send me to Worcester with confidence, but only if—if I would pay him what he calls 'a trifle,' as a guarantee of my desire both to obtain and keep the appointment."

"But perhaps if you had told him—" I begin.

"My darling, I told him a hundred things which an hour before I should have fancied myself too proud to mention even to you, and I pleaded as I never pleaded to a man before in all my life. But what use was it all?" Philip adds, with a weary kind of bitterness. "What was the man's pity worth to me, and what did my want and anxiety matter to him, while I had not the thirty pounds he required? No; it is all over, Jeanie. Thirty pounds is as utterly beyond my power to give as thirty thousand. And—and so it is all over."

It is all over.

Philip had been with me nearly an hour, and had told me of his plans; and—I think I had talked almost cheerily to him—yet this is all I remember when he leaves me at last, promising to come in and see father as soon as ever he feels able steadily and fairly to discuss his own plans and our separation.

It is all over! This hope that he need not leave me for so long; this hope that at last he—so clever at his work, so fond of work, so steady and untiring at it when it is in his power—should begin life in earnest. All over!

CHAPTER VII.

FOR the next few weeks, through every thing I do or say or hear, this is my chief consciousness. Philip is preparing to leave me, perhaps for long, long years (though we never allow to each other that we think it may be so). And each time I see him now, there has deepened on his face the shadow of that coming day.

These are rather sad and heavy weeks for us all, or rather they would be but for Lottie's free and real enjoyment and zest in her new duties. Father meets with no employment, and each day the search for it tells more upon him. If he would but rest himself, and let me do more. I have a copying order on hand now, though, which will bring me something, and to-day I am illuminating a text for an old lady who would not buy the only one we had in stock, because it was not "done by hand." I hope to finish it to-night, but of course I have more to do in the house now, having the rooms up stairs occupied, and Lottie being away and studying so much. I like the work, though. How can women live who have nothing to do but *think?* Aunt Charlotte grows more hard and querulous every day, and she is never tired of reminding us of the profitable lodger we refused, and the unprofitable one we took—for Mr. Carden has paid us nothing yet.

On the first Saturday night he asked me whether I would oblige him by allowing him to postpone his payment for another week. I willingly did, thinking how nice and large the double sum would look when I gave it to father. On the second Saturday, when he asked me the same question, I am sure my great disappointment was written plainly on my face.

"I am very sorry to ask you this," he said, with his awkward lisp. "I would not if it were possible to avoid it."

In a moment I was sorry for that unkind hesitation of mine, and I think he read that too.

"The fact is," he said, speaking quite humbly and anxiously in his rapid way, "I am—at present—out of employment."

I thought of father, and the tears came slowly into my eyes. How would I like others to behave to father if he were now in lodgings alone?

"I ought to leave these rooms, I know," Mr. Carden went on, fidgeting with a few papers that lay on his table, "that you might let them more advantageously, but still I think, if you would trust me for a time, I shall eventually be enabled to pay you."

He only "thought" he should be able to pay, and "eventually." Still, he had no other home, and no more power to make people give him employment than father had, or than I have to make customers come into the shop. So there were actually tears in my throat that prevented my answering him.

"You want to turn me adrift," he said, as sharply as his lisp would let him, while he stared in my face, "and you are right enough. Speak to your father about it, and let me know to-morrow what he says." Then he turned abruptly from me, and I was glad to go away.

That night, after I had helped Aunt Charlotte into bed, I went down and told father of Mr. Carden's request, and asked him what I was to say, not letting him see a sign of my own hesitation, only leaving it entirely to him.

"My dear," he said, in his quiet way, "'inasmuch as ye have done it'—you remember?"

So next day I told Mr. Carden father said he was willing to wait, and he thanked me—quite gratefully, I dare say, though just in his usual stiff and ceremonious way.

And now we have gradually given up expecting Mr. Carden's money. I wish we could also give up minding Aunt Charlotte's bitter innuendoes about our having taken him in at all. Father seems to feel keenly for him, and tries all he can to make him forget he is in our debt. Almost every night father goes up and tries to persuade him to come down and share our bread-and-cheese supper, or drink tea with us—for it would make very little difference to us, and it is so solitary up there. But Mr. Carden has never yet come, though I am quite sure that when he is alone he takes only a crust of bread for his own meal. Of course I don't know how he fares during the middle of the day, when he is nearly always away; but in the evening I don't think he ever has yet taken more than that, with a cup of tea or coffee; and I have tried various plans to tempt him down, but always unsuccessfully. Once or twice I have made plausible excuses for taking him something up, but I see it always hurts him to accept any thing, though he does smile so much, in that monotonous way of his.

Of course it is not hard to me to understand—when I watch father's failing step and unsteady hand—why *he* gets pushed aside in the great battle of city life; but I do wonder very often why it is that our young lodger can get no work to do; for he seems active, and untiring in his efforts, and looks shrewd and strong and experienced. Sometimes he and Philip meet in the shop. I have noticed that he avoids meeting him whenever he can.

"I don't quite understand him," Philip answered, simply, when (first noticing this) I questioned him of it. And I did not mention it to Mr. Carden at all, for it is so plain to see that he always, if he can, evades that honest, direct, and almost questioning glance of Philip's.

But my greatest sorrow now is to see father drooping week by week while I have no nourishing things to give him. I think it would be far, far easier to bear our poverty if it were undoubted and unquestioned, and if we lived in garrets where no one knew us, or came near us, and where we had only bread to eat, looking for nothing more. There is such a weary strain upon us here. I suppose others feel this strain. I dare say there are other families whom I might see (if I had time to watch) growing shabbier and shabbier day by day as we do. And—not knowing father himself—how can any one help looking down upon him, for his worn coat and mended gloves? And, indeed, are the girls at school much to blame that they laugh at Lottie's homely frocks and hat? We can not tell how it looks from their point of view.

CHAPTER VIII.

I HAVE begun to notice a terrible proof of our growing poverty. One by one the new books (the unsold books, I should say, for we have had them too long, and they are too faded, to call quite new) disappear from the shelves in the shop. I dare not let father see that I miss them, for I have guessed from the first how they go. They are his books—his only—and if the small sum for which he sells them second-hand in the city is more needed by him just now than the books themselves, what right have I to complain?

But now at last, sorely, sorely against my will, I am obliged to tell Lottie that we are growing poorer and poorer every day. I look away while I tell her, pretending to add up the last week's accounts, because I am so afraid of seeing her burst into tears. But when she answers me her eyes are perfectly dry, and as bright as ever, though her lips shake a little.

"I shall not go to school again, Jeanie."

"Just to-morrow, dear," I urge, for this is Friday.

"To-morrow," she answers, with a great determination, that sounds strange in her young voice, "I shall go out—for something else."

So next morning she goes out, for the first time in her life, without letting me know where she goes; and when she comes home quite late in the afternoon, she has a packet of crochet cotton in her hand, which she is to make into an antimacassar for a shop in the Kingsland Road. How delighted she is, dear little Lottie! And with what spirit she begins her task there and then! It is an elaborate and difficult pattern that has been given her, and the size is to be unusually large; but none of these things damp her, and I seldom see her with the work out of her fingers until she has tied in the last bunch of fringe, and has shaken out the antimacassar, and exhibited it to us all as a treat, held by her at a safe distance from our little brothers' fingers.

But of all proud moments in Lottie's life the proudest comes next day, when she brings home her first earnings—two shillings! Mr. Carden is in the shop when she darts in, and he stands and listens and looks while she shows me the money. Then he asks her, quite coolly—poor little Lottie, how hard it must be to hear the question from him!—why she left off going to school.

"I would rather crochet," she says, in her soft bright tones; and he—as, indeed, well he may—stares at her rather curiously.

He knows almost every thing that goes on in the house, and it seems natural that he should know this. A few minutes after his indifferent question to her he is congratulating her on the two shillings in the heartiest way, and just exactly proving he too understands the value of two shillings.

He is always very careful and economical himself. Every morning, before he goes out, he makes his rooms so neat, and dusts them himself so carefully, that I can never now find any thing to do there. He even makes his own bed, and sometimes when I go into the neat empty rooms there is something utterly pathetic to me in their perfect cleanliness and order. He never will have a fire lighted for his return; and occasionally when he has found one awaiting him—for it is so cheerless in this winter weather to come home to a fireless room—he apologizes most humbly for the trouble and expense to which he puts us. Aunt Charlotte says these fires have made a distinct increase in our expenditure, but father never forbids me to put them.

* * * * * *

It is a bitter night, and father has come home from the city so utterly worn out that I beg him earnestly to go to bed, and after long persuasion I succeed. Yet each time I go in to him I find him wide-awake; and when at last I take in a light and a glass of brandy and hot water, I see his face all wet with tears.

"Jeanie, Jeanie, you should not have brought me this, dear," he says. "We—*you* know it, dear, as well as I do—we want all our sixpences for daily bread."

"This is daily bread, father, when you will eat no other," I assert, putting the glass into his hand.

"But—how long can we go on, Jeanie?"

"We have abundance for to-morrow, dear; and the next day will be all right when it comes."

"When it comes," he echoes, softly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

FEBRUARY.

Sunday, 17.—Septuagesima Sunday.
Sunday, 24.—Sexagesima Sunday; St. Matthias.

A GREAT and useful public life has closed in the retirement of the Rev. Dr. S. H. TYNG from the pastoral charge of St. George's Protestant Episcopal Church, of this city. His ministerial career extends over fifty-seven years, thirty-three of which have been spent in St. George's Parish. Dr. TYNG has been a man of mark during all his active life. A powerful platform speaker, he was a conspicuous figure on anniversary occasions, thirty years ago. His advocacy of temperance secured him a national fame. In all his long pastorate he has devoted much labor to the founding of chapels and schools; the school-work of St. George's parish has been very extensive, particularly among the poor of the east side of the city. As a preacher, Dr. TYNG has been noted for force and incisiveness. Disdaining the trammels of manuscript, he has in the pulpit exhibited the freedom and fire of extemporaneous utterance. He retires, a veteran who has well earned a brief season of repose, as a fitting termination of a laborious life. The Rev. Dr. W. W. WILLIAMS will be his successor.

The second session of the Pan-Anglican Synod will be held this year, at Lambeth Palace. It is becoming a topic of discussion in the English Church papers. Some objection is made by Churchmen to a Synod of bishops, without the presence of representatives of the clergy and laity. The meeting will last a month. Among the topics to be discussed "is said to be the means of drawing together into closer union the various members of the Anglican Church."

The Rev. JOSEPH COOK has opened his parlor in Beacon Street, Boston, for a series of "Conversations." A topic is opened by the leader, and is discussed in an informal way by the persons present. Besides orthodox ministers, these conversations have been attended by Mr. A. BRONSON ALCOTT, one of the once famous circle of Boston transcendentalists, ROBERT LAIRD COLLIER, and the Rev. Mr. DUDLEY, now the preacher to the congregation of the late THEODORE PARKER.

The Rev. Dr. SEYMOUR is likely to be confirmed as the bishop of the diocese of Springfield, Illinois. Of thirty-one standing committees, twenty-one have to this date voted for him; there are nearly twenty more committees to be heard from.

Dr. PUSEY'S long-expected edition of the Abbé GAUMÉS book on auricular confession has at last appeared. It is divided into two portions. The first, of 184 pages, presents the English authorities on confession, and the second, which is the larger, the Roman Catholic authorities, described by Dr. PUSEY as "the saints." Among the former he includes Bishops JEWEL and HOOKER; among the latter, St. FRANCIS DE SALES, IGNATIUS LOYOLA, and ALPHONSUS LIGUORI. The citations from the Roman Catholic authorities are such as assert the judicial character of absolution and the supreme authority of the confessor over the subject of his guidance. Among the passages from the saints this occurs: "S. PHILLIP DE NERI used to say that those scrupulous persons who desire to advance in perfection, must put themselves wholly and irrevocably into the hands of their superiors. Those who do not live under a rule must voluntarily submit themselves to a learned and wise confessor, obeying him as God himself, laying all their concerns freely and simply before him, and never coming to any determination without his advice."

The American company of revisers of the Bible have finished, in the Old Testament, Jeremiah, and in the New Testament have reached the eleventh chapter of the Second Epistle to the Corinthians. In a recent sermon preached in Glasgow, Dr. ANGUS, one of the English revisers, stated that the work of revision, which had been going on for seven years, would probably occupy three years more. "When the work was done, the people," he said, "will find the same testimony they have been using from childhood; and although there have been many changes, chapter after chapter will be read without our observing the changes, unless by comparison. They will have substantially the same text and the same translation."

The Spanish government has recently taken a step backward. It has prohibited Protestant colportage. An order was issued, November 21, substantially in these terms: "The public manifestations referred to and disallowed by Article XI. of the Constitution include the preaching of anti-Catholic doctrines and the sale of anti-Catholic books in all other places than those set apart for such purpose. Consequently such manifestations are not to be allowed in the streets or highways, nor in public establishments of any kind. Propagandists and hawkers of books are not to be permitted to enter into workshops or factories for the purpose of exhorting the work-people or of selling their wares."

Father CURCI, the ex-Jesuit, is said to be a man of plain tastes. An English newspaper correspondent says of him: "He lives quietly in a humble apartment lighted by one window, looking into an obscure street of Florence. His tastes are characterized by none of the Vatican luxuriousness. Being asked one day by PIUS IX. why he did not more frequently visit the papal palace, he replied, 'You have too much money here for me. When you have spent it all, you will see me every day.'"

Mr. HENRY M. STANLEY'S statement that King M'TESA, of Uganda, in the interior of Africa, was desirous of having missions planted in his kingdom, has been verified. The members of the English Church Missionary Society's expedition have reached his capital, and have been well received. The boy DALLINGTON, who had been left by STANLEY, acted as interpreter between the king and the English party. A reception was given by M'TESA on the 2d of last July, which was very friendly indeed. Houses had then been prepared for the members of the mission, and religious services were soon held at the royal palace.

The FALK laws have left their mark on the dioceses of Gnesen and Posen, in Germany. Neither party has yielded, and as a result there have been deposed the archbishop, the auxiliary bishop, a canon, a rural dean. Two directors of seminaries, six lecturers in training colleges, six professors, and 126 priests have lost their positions either by deprivation or by refusal of the state authorities to recognize their appointments. The London *Tablet* says: "No more priests can be ordained, no vacancies can be filled up, that is, so as to be recognized by the government. If, therefore, the losses in the united dioceses of Gnesen and Posen continue to follow the rate hitherto maintained, the clergy would be completely extinguished within the next fourteen or fifteen years." One hundred and sixteen parishes are also vacant in the diocese of Cologne.

Since the establishment of the hierarchy in Great Britain in 1851, the Roman Catholic Church has grown there rapidly. There are now in the United Kingdom 2157 priests, 1348 chapels and stations, 129 religious houses of men, and 318 houses of women. In the twenty-six years since 1851 the increase of priests is said to be 1199; of chapels, 665; of religious houses of men, 112; of convents of women, 265; and of colleges, 10. Of the 907 residential episcopal sees in the whole Roman Catholic Church, 126 are in the British Empire, to wit, 13 in England, 28 in Ireland, 3 in Scotland, and 82 in the dependencies. The Roman Catholic peers number 36, of whom 26 have seats in the House of Lords. There are also 48 Roman Catholic baronets, 6 Catholic members of the Privy Council, and 51 Catholic members of Parliament.

The English Congregationalists bestow care on their statistics, and their *Year-Book* is always full of valuable information. From that of 1878 it appears that there are in England and Wales 78 county unions and district associations. The number of Congregational pastors holding charges in the United Kingdom and the Channel Islands is 2073; the total number of ministers for Great Britain and the colonies is 3447. The churches in England are 2012; in Wales, 854; in Scotland, 107; in Ireland, 28. The number of church members in foreign mission stations, under the charge of the London Missionary Society, is 94,089. There are nearly 500 students in the English Congregational colleges and institutes for ministerial training.

There was a time of great joy in the Central Congregational Church, Brooklyn (Rev. Dr. SCUDDER'S), when, on Monday, January 21, the last pledges were made for the extinguishment of the debt of $64,000. A month before, the congregation had fallen short of reaching this sum by $7647. They had taken time to breathe, and, on the evening of the day named, began again. When all was done, "there was much excitement," says the *Observer*; "cheers and shouts filled the room, hats and handkerchiefs were raised, and many shed tears of joy. The Doxology was sung." After prayer, and thanks to Mr. KIMBALL, the meeting adjourned to partake of a collation provided by the ladies. This impulse to pay off debts is a great improvement on the practice which has obtained somewhat in late years of mortgaging church property to pay current expenses. It may be noted, also, that there is a quiet debt-paying movement going on which is not much noticed in the papers.

The New York *Times* has collected full information of the value of the property owned by the churches of this city, and the amount of their mortgage debts. The aggregate of property is very large, being $55,729,600; the indebtedness is $7,747,914. Divided among the denominations, the apportionment of debt and property is as follows:

Churches.	Property.	Debt.
Roman Catholic	$11,176,500	$3,042,814
Protestant Episcopal	24,175,000	1,341,300
Reformed Dutch	4,381,000	1,098,800
Presbyterian	5,802,000	542,600
Methodist Episcopal	2,799,100	480,850
Jewish	1,861,000	380,500
Baptist	1,446,500	223,300
Lutheran	1,095,000	183,900
Congregational	607,000	181,000
Unitarian	475,000	82,000
Universalist	466,500	75,000
Colored	360,000	72,350
United Presbyterian	190,000	23,500
Reformed Presbyterian	310,000	20,000
Friends	585,000	....
Total	$55,729,600	$7,747,914

This statement represents 345 churches and chapels. Of this entire number 120 churches have no debt. If these statistics are accurate, the common opinion that the churches of New York city are burdened with crushing debts does them injustice. It will be seen from the table that the leading denominations stand, as to wealth in church property, in the following order: Protestant Episcopal, Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, Reformed (Dutch), Methodist, Baptist, Lutheran.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

AT the third anniversary of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, recently held in Chickering Hall, it was remarked by one of the speakers that the fact that in this city, during the year just closed, over 12,000 children had been laid in their graves, would give some idea of the burdens that rest upon a vast number of little ones. The chief purpose of the society above mentioned is the rescue of children from needless suffering, and that it has accomplished much the details given in the annual report and at the anniversary meeting clearly indicate. Since the formation of the society it has been instrumental in relief or rescue of more than 3000 children, about one-third of whom have been placed in good homes, or in safe-keeping in some charitable institution. Child acrobats are no longer allowed to perform dangerous feats in places of public amusement, little "flower girls" are protected from the special perils to which they are exposed, cases of absolute cruelty are promptly investigated, and neglected or degraded children are relieved, or, if necessary, removed from their parents or custodians. During the past year fifty-eight lost or stolen children were restored to their parents or placed in safety elsewhere. This society now has about 800 members.

During the last eight years the Western Homœopathic Dispensary has treated gratuitously over 70,000 patients, many at their desolate homes, and dispensed more than 200,000 prescriptions. Its hearty, honest, and successful work has won high commendation, especially from the State Superintendent of Charities. The trustees believe its usefulness would be quadrupled if it had a proper building, which could now be erected cheaply. The Children's Carnival and Ball in the Academy of Music on the evening of February 26 is to be given in aid of this beneficent work. Judging from the great success of the Carnival last year, we feel confident that with this new and brilliant programme the Academy will be filled, and that the fondest hopes of the managers of both the entertainment and the charity will be fully realized.

Every year a large number of immigrants arrive in this city who are likely to become paupers. Last year there were 7824 of this class. Two years ago a large number of Danish convicts arrived—a fact which was discovered seasonably, and they were returned. The Commissioners of Emigration propose that there be appropriate laws to prevent the introduction of destitute persons and criminals, and yet which will not interfere with proper immigration.

The Paris Academy of Sciences has awarded the Lalande Prize of Astronomy to Professor Hall, the American discoverer of the satellites of Mars.

Information has been received from the American vice-consul at Shanghai of a dreadful famine which is raging throughout four provinces of North China. Nine millions of people are reported destitute.

The Washington Monument never ceases to be a topic of interest to many. Recently a design for a national historical Washington Monument has been circulated among members of Congress and others, which is designed to supersede that of the present unfinished structure. The whole monument is to be purely American, and is planned to be eighty-two feet in height, surmounted by the colossal equestrian statue of General George Washington as he appeared at the battle of Princeton, which was the turning-point of the Revolution.

A penny eating-house has been opened in Washington, which thus far has proved a decided success.

The conundrum-guessing inhabitants of London have been exercising their wits upon the following: "I should be my first if I had my second to throw at my whole." Now it would not take a Yankee long to give the correct answer to *that* simple puzzle.

Last December St. John's Guild—the effectiveness of whose work was greatly impaired last year by revelations of the careless manner in which its accounts were kept—was re-organized, and became an incorporated body. The constitution and by-laws provide a careful system in regard to financial transactions. In fact, a radical change of organization has been effected, and arrangements are made to give the public regular information in regard to the workings of the society. On the evening of Washington's Birthday a Martha Washington Reception will be held at the Academy of Music and Nilsson Hall in aid of the Guild's finances. The passage between the Academy and the hall will be arranged as a grotto, and the interior of the hall transformed into a Chinese tea-garden.

The tickets for the fancy-dress ball of the Liederkranz Society are this year, as usual, of fantastic design. On one side Prince Carnival and Folly are prominent figures. On the other side the celebrities of Europe and Asia are represented as dancing the "Peace Galop," the musicians being Bismarck, Andrassy, Gortchakoff, and Disraeli. In the foreground the Russian bear is dancing with a Turkish lady, his *vis-à-vis* being the Sultan executing a lively measure with Servia and Poland, the Emperor William looking complacently on from the background. The Pope is just coming on the floor with the Queen of England on his left arm and ex-Queen Isabella on his right, with little Alfonso hanging to her apron strings. Marshal M'Mahon is represented in the act of being united to the Goddess of Liberty, President Hayes, in Highland costume, performing the ceremony.

About the middle of February the United States will sell to the highest bidder the last remaining relics of the Centennial, which have been left behind by their owners rather than settle with the Custom-house.

Honolulu papers announce the death of William P. Ragsdale, Governor of the Leper Settlement on the island of Molokai, Sandwich Islands. His mother was a native Hawaiian, his father an American. He was formerly an influential lawyer and noted orator. One evening, while studying a law case in which he was deeply interested, the chimney of his lamp fell upon the table, and he thoughtlessly picked it up and replaced it. His attention was arrested immediately afterward by the fact that he had felt no inconvenience, and that his hand was not burned. He took off the chimney repeatedly with the same result—an experiment which convinced him that he was afflicted with leprosy. He informed the authorities, and a medical examination proved the truth of his suspicion. On account of his high position he was not arrested, but he voluntarily delivered himself up to the government. He was sent to Molokai, made Governor of the Leper Settlement, where there are about eight hundred lepers. There, by his wisdom and tact, he infused some measure of cheerfulness among the saddest and most unfortunate community in the world.

Conspicuously placed in Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, near the Capitol, is the monument erected during last summer and fall to "the memory of the officers, seamen, and marines of the United States navy who fell in defense of the Union and the liberty of the country." This monument has been recently completed by placing in position the statue of Peace. The principal group which crowns the monument represents Grief and History. Other figures are Victory, Mars, and Neptune. The whole work was modelled and executed in marble by the artist Mr. Simmons, in his studio at Rome.

The real character of the so-called "petrified man of Colorado" has been revealed. It was made at Elkland, a little mountain town in Northern Pennsylvania, by George Hull, the maker of the Cardiff Giant. It was made of Portland cement, human bones and various substances being introduced into it. When completed, it was baked, then buried in Colorado, and finally dug up and brought to this city, Mr. P. T. Barnum having become interested in the scheme, and supplying some capital for the furtherance of it.

A Boston exchange thus graphically informs us why people do not attend church:

"Goin' to church this mornin'?" shouted Amos to his neighbor across the way.

"No, *Sir*."

"Headache?"

"No."

"Children sick?"

"No."

"Got company?"

"No."

"What's the matter?"

"Kimball!"

"'Nough said."

A new saloon railway carriage, intended for the use of Queen Victoria and the royal family, has been constructed by the London and Southwestern Railway Company. The carriage, which is about fifty feet long, nine feet high, and eight feet wide, is built of teak, and the doors are fitted with silver-plated handles. The draperies are buff and gold cretonne, and there are easy-chairs, couches, and a table, the interior wood-work being polished teak. The saloon coach has travelled at an occasional speed of sixty-two miles an hour with ease.

The present cost of patents is believed to be detrimental to invention and national progress. The model, the Patent-office fee, the agent's fee, and other expenses amount usually to not far from $100. It has been proposed to dispense with models and examinations, grant patents to all who apply, and leave the right to the invention to be contested in the courts. In this case the inventor would pay the Patent-office for the drawing, the printed specification, and the patent, which would cost only a few dollars. Evidently the Patent-office business would thus be much diminished, but doubtless the business of courts would be correspondingly increased.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A FARMER was boasting to Sam about the speed of his horse, which, he said, would trot a mile inside of three minutes, and follow it for three miles. "A mile inside of three minutes ain't much to brag about," said Sam. "Why, the other day I was up to S——, sixteen miles off. Just as I started from home a shower came sweeping on. The rain struck on the back part of the wagon, and the moment it struck I hit old Kate a cut with the whip; away she trotted, scarcely touching her fore-feet to the ground. She kept nip and nip with the shower. The wagon was filled with water, but not a drop fell on me."

LATEST JUVENILE BOAST.—A little girl was heard telling another, "My father is taller and handsomer and cleverer than yours." For a moment the other looked rather put out, but, suddenly brightening up, she answered, "Perhaps he is; but mine is much older than yours."

A young lady says she longs for fingers like the prongs of a pitchfork, with diamond rings enough to fill them to the ends.

Quaint Rowland Hill said of speakers of his day that they had a river of words with only a spoonful of thought.

A CLINCHER.—An old washer-woman once would hang her clothes to dry on the railings of a church; after repeated prohibitions from the church-wardens, she at last came out with the following burst of eloquence: "Lor' bless ye, Sir, ye wouldn't go and take the bread out of my mouth, would ye? 'Sides, Sir, cleanliness comes next to godliness, parson says."

A Boston writer, in alluding to the musical taste of the Hub, says, "Our ears have been cultivated until they overshadow our other organs."

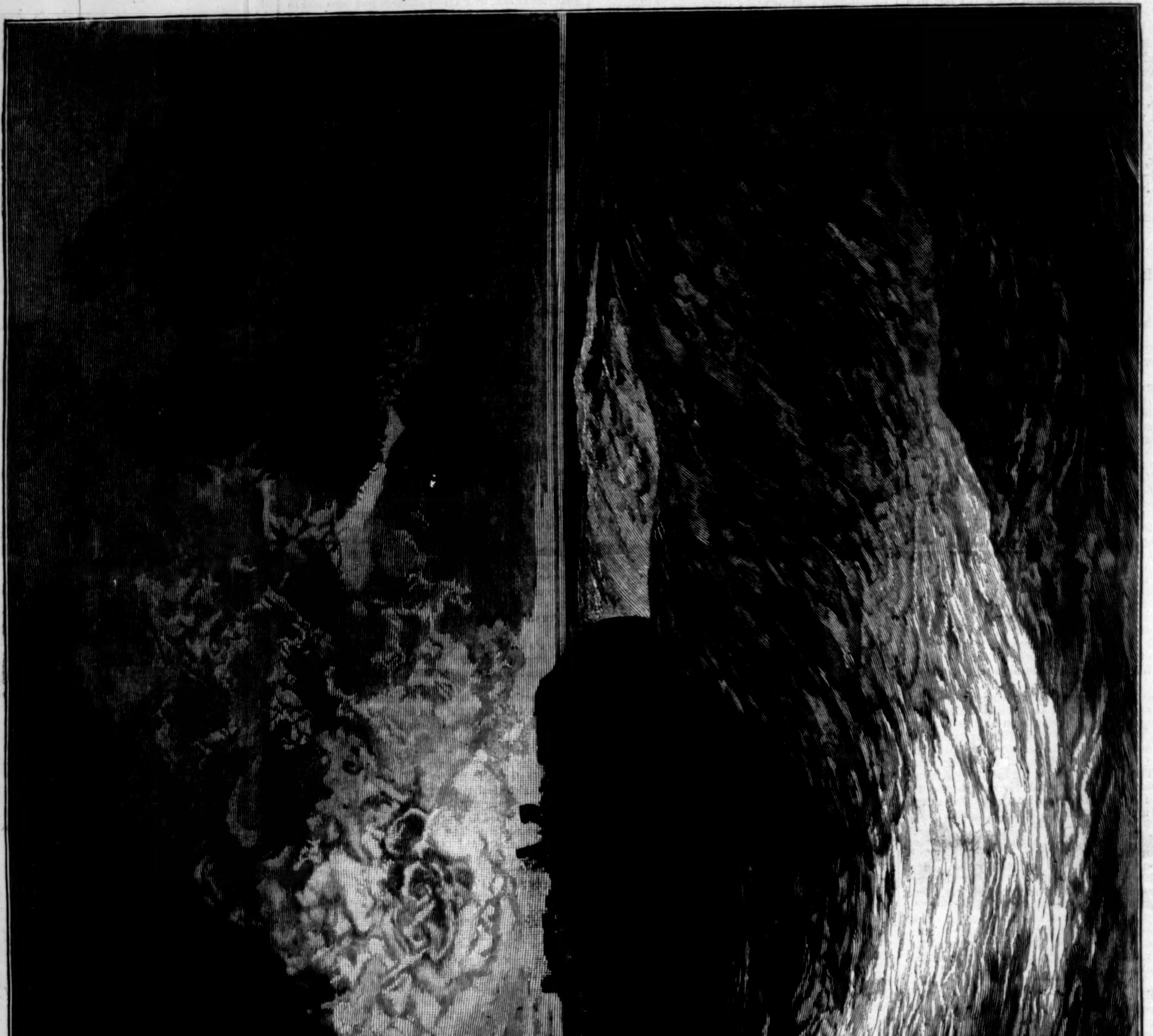
Sheridan being asked what wine he liked best, replied, "The wine of *other people*."

COMPLIMENT TO THE COMPLIMENT.—"Madam, do you know that you possess one of the best voices in the world?" said a saucy fellow to a woman. "Indeed, do you think so?" replied she, with a flush of pride at the compliment. "I do most certainly," continued the rascal; "for, if you hadn't, it would have been worn out long ago." For the first time in her life that woman had not a word to say.

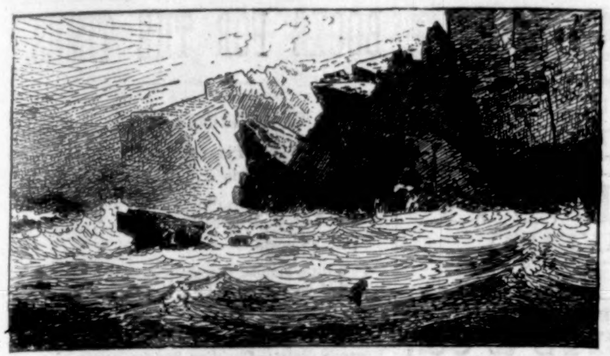
"Thought I'd leave my measure on your floor," said a man who fell down in a bar-room. "No necessity for that," said the bar-keeper; "we know exactly how much you hold."

HOW SAWNEY "ENLAIRGES."—Be it known that there are no hills in Scotland. Pointing to the distance, a tourist last season asked a by-stander, "Pray may I ask what is that hill?" "Hill, Sir? It is na a hill at all; it's a mountain," was the answer. Another tourist, on visiting a kennel of fox-hounds, said to the huntsman, "What a fine dog that is!" "Dog, Sir? It's na a dog; it's a hound," said the huntsman.

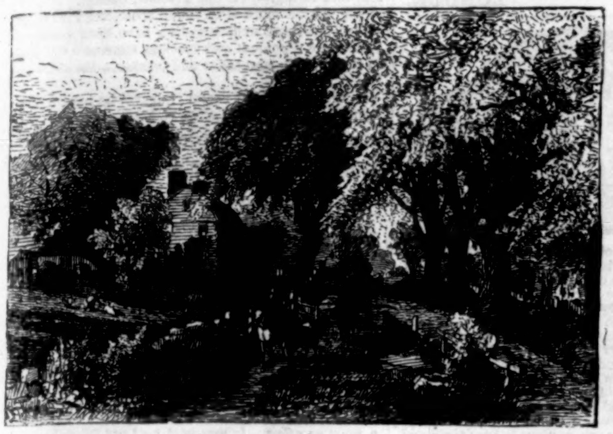
TWO SUSPECTS.—There was a good story current last year in a certain town in Normandy, much frequented by English tourists. An Englishman lost his purse from his bedroom while staying at his hotel, and applied to the landlord for redress. The latter explained to him that every one in the house was a paragon of honesty; that they would sooner perish on the scaffold than touch a sou belonging to any one else. There were, however, two strangers in the hotel, Englishmen, concerning whose character he knew nothing, either good or bad. "Will monsieur interrogate them for himself?" Monsieur did so, and found them to be Alfred Tennyson and Dean Stanley.



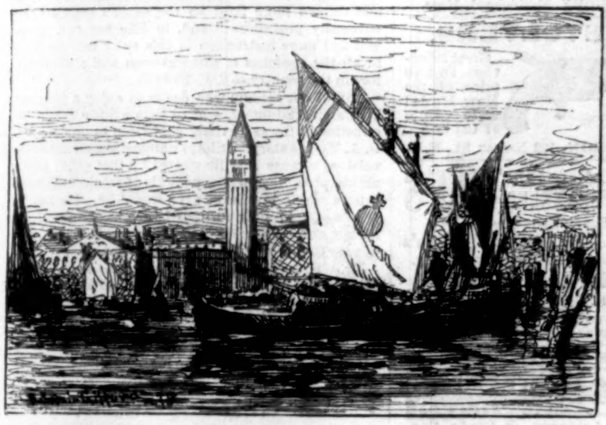
AFTER THE STORM—ABANDONED AT SEA.



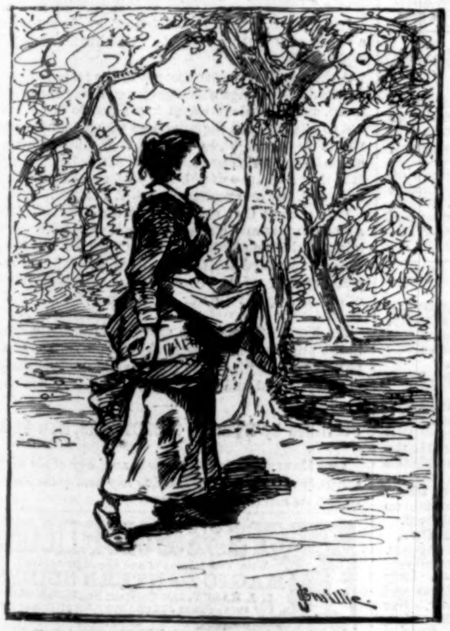
No. 363.—SOUTHWEST POINT, CONANICUT.—[WILLIAM T. RICHARDS.]



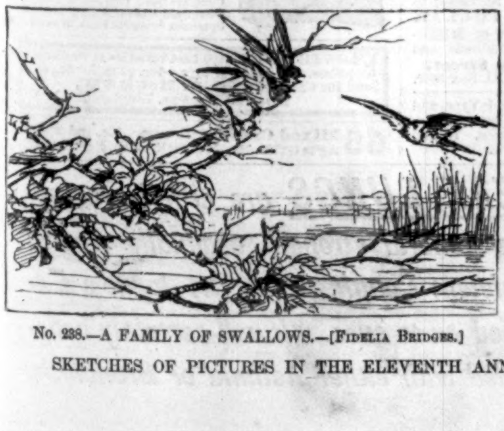
No. 36.—A NEW ENGLAND HOMESTEAD.—[A. F. BELLOWS.]



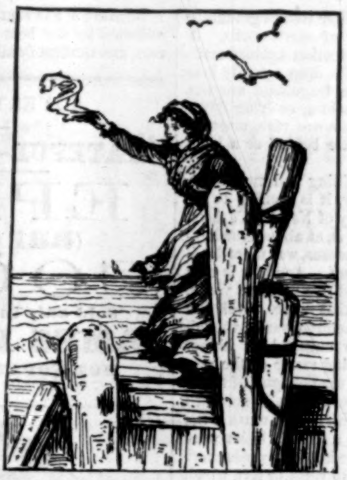
No. 17.—ON THE LAGOON, VENICE.—[R. SWAIN GIFFORD.]



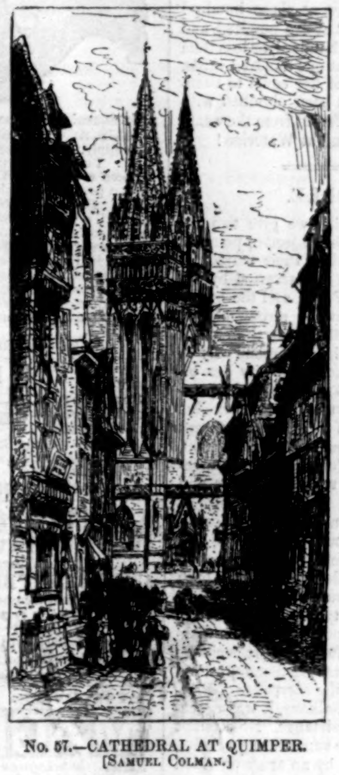
No. 141.—IN THE ORCHARD.—[JAMES D. SMILLIE.]



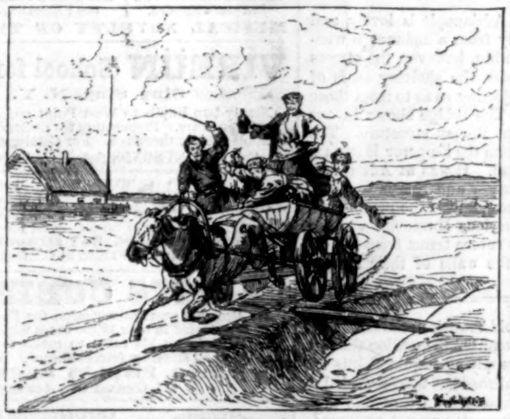
No. 238.—A FAMILY OF SWALLOWS.—[FIDELIA BRIDGES.]



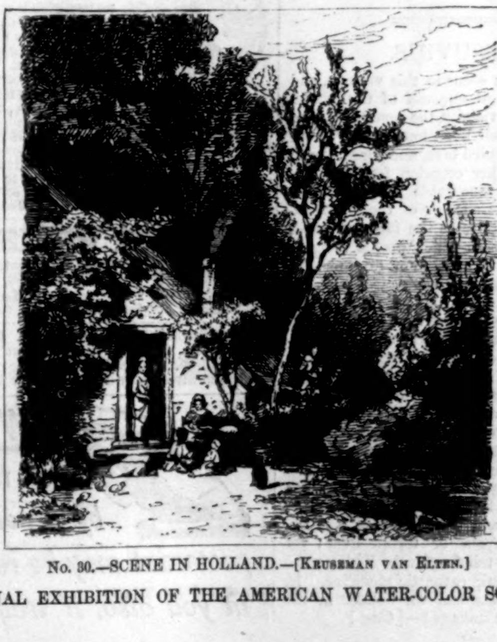
No. 59.—NANCY LEE.—[WALTER SATTERLEE.]



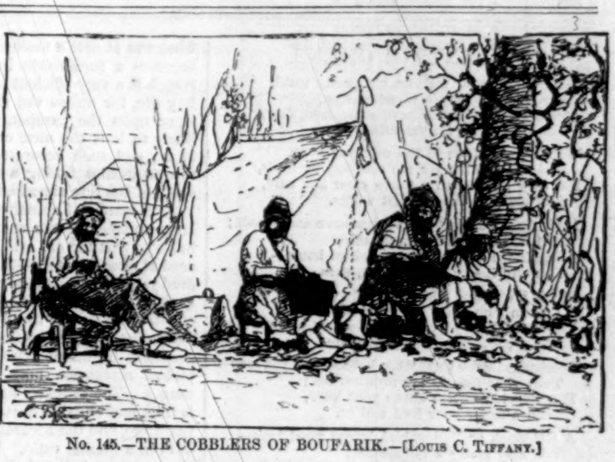
No. 57.—CATHEDRAL AT QUIMPER.
[SAMUEL COLMAN.]



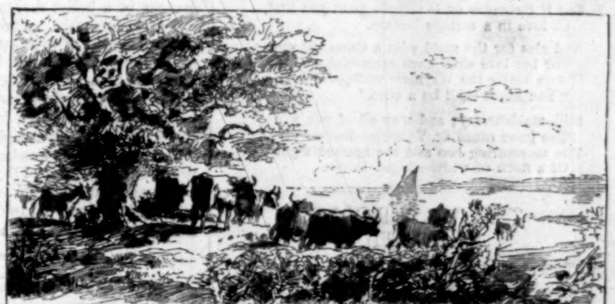
No. 40.—HIS BIRTHDAY.—[IVAN PRANISHNIKOFF.]



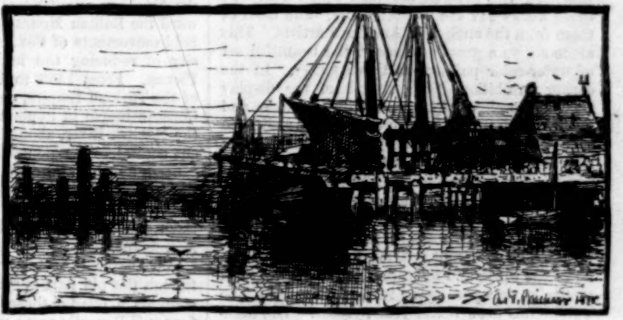
No. 30.—SCENE IN HOLLAND.—[KRUSEMAN VAN ELTEN.]



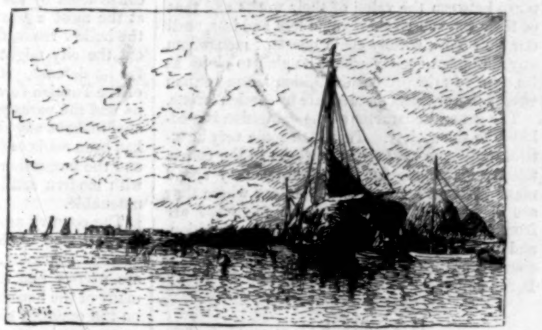
No. 145.—THE COBBLERS OF BOUFARIK.—[LOUIS C. TIFFANY.]



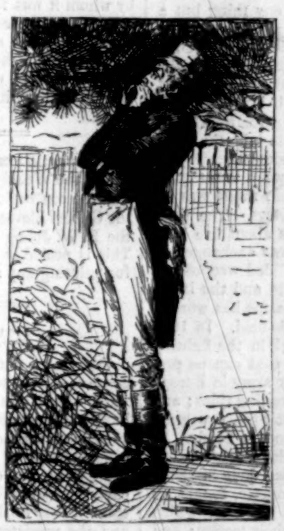
No. 277.—GRAVESEND BAY.—[CHARLES PARSONS.]



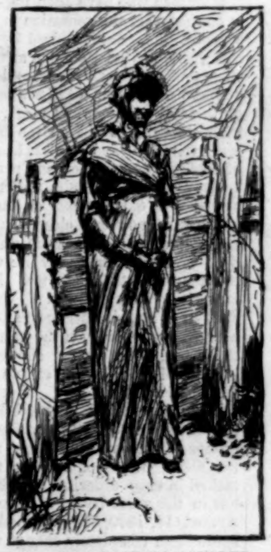
No. 31.—IN A TIDE HARBOR.—[A. T. BRICHER.]



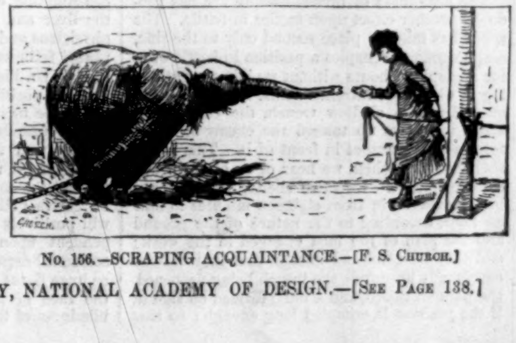
No. 201.—GATHERING SALT HAY.—[GRANVILLE PERKINS.]



No. 183.—AT THE FERRY.
[C. F. REINHART.]



No. 12.—A ROSE IN OCTOBER.
[E. A. ABBEY.]



No. 156.—SCRAPING ACQUAINTANCE.—[F. S. CHURCH.]

SKETCHES OF PICTURES IN THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE AMERICAN WATER-COLOR SOCIETY, NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—[SEE PAGE 138.]

VALENTINE OMENS.

I'LL tell you your fortune, my pretty maid,
For this day hath a mystical sign,
And the dreamy birds have a message, dear,
From the good St. Valentine.

Walk slowly alone in the morning hour,
And keep watch for the soothsaying birds,
For they come with a token clear and sure,
And plain as the plainest words.

Look right and left in the meadows and woods;
And if, sitting serenely demure,
A Blackbird you see, contented go home—
You will marry a clergyman, sure.

But if it's a bird with a scarlet vest,
And an "up-head" and soldierly state,
You will follow your love to the beat of the drum,
And a captain will be your mate.

Perchance there's some "boy in blue" that you love—
Turn your face to the mystical sea;
If a Bunting hovers above your head,
Then a sailor your lord will be.

A Goldfinch or Yellow-bird brings good luck—
You may marry a millionaire;
But if Sparrows or Bluebirds greet you first,
Of love in a cottage beware.

And alas for the maid who a Cross-bill meets,
For her love shall have sorrowful strife;
'Twere better the Wryneck whispered her,
"You never shall be a wife."

Still, maidens, try; and may all of you win
The good omen St. Valentine loves—
The murmuring coo and the upward flight
Of a flock of white-winged Doves.

THE WATER-COLOR EXHIBITION.

THE Eleventh Annual Exhibition of the "Society of American Painters in Water-Colors" opened in the New York Academy of Design on the 7th inst. with an array of works numbering 569, including the designs in black and white. Of these works 447 are "water-colors," and most of them from the studios of American artists. This alone shows a great advance in the beautiful art of water-color painting in this country. In the earlier exhibitions the strength of the display was in foreign pictures, chiefly English and French, and it was rare indeed for a visitor to stop before an American work, and still more rare to purchase one. But the artists who had undertaken to domesticate water-color painting here, and place American water-colorists on a line with their English brethren, were not men to be discouraged by want of patronage, or by unpleasant comparisons. Their hearts were enlisted in the work, and in spite of all difficulties and obstacles they persevered in the enterprise. The exhibitions grew better year by year. The number of native exhibitors increased, and the distance between the value of their works and that of their English rivals became less and less, until our New York society could boast of men whom any European society would be glad to claim as its own. In the present exhibition not more than twenty-five or thirty pictures are by foreign artists.

The general character of the exhibition is creditable to the society. There are some very beautiful and some very striking works in the collection, and any one fond of pictures may spend many pleasant hours in the Academy where they are displayed. The sketches on page 137 are from the illustrated catalogue of the exhibition, and for the use of them we are indebted to the courtesy of the president of the society, Mr. JAMES D. SMILLIE.

UNDER FIRE.

MOST men who have been under fire will frankly confess that the sensation is any thing but a pleasant one. But inspired by a sense of duty and a lively enthusiasm, the anxious feeling soon passes off. The skirmishers load and fire, the gunners work their guns without much thought of their own danger. Indeed, it is well if this indifference does not go too far, for then reckless excitement and careless haste take the place of soldierly deliberation and prudence.

At Waterloo the fighting between two armies armed with old weapons of short range was all at what we now call close quarters. The most effective range for artillery was about five hundred yards, and musketry fire was exchanged at less than half that distance. Rifled weapons of long range have changed all this, and the introduction of breech-loading small-arms has worked a perfect revolution on the battle-field. In 1866 the Prussian needle-gun showed in the fighting in Bohemia the terrible effects that can be produced by rapid rifle fire. Every army in Europe was soon provided with breech-loading rifles; and in the war of 1870, for the first time, two great armies thus formidably armed met in battle. In the first conflicts of the war the Prussians attacked in close order, as they had done in 1866; but in the great battle of Gravelotte, fought on August 18, 1870, they learned a lesson which made them completely change their tactics; and every European army (but one) has followed their example.

The deadliness of breech-loading fire has produced another effect upon tactics in battle. The spade has taken a place second only to the rifle, and no general occupies a position in battle even for a couple of hours without rapidly strengthening it with light intrenchments. These consist generally of a shallow trench, the earth from which is thrown up toward the enemy so as to form a little parapet in front of it. This is the shelter trench which we hear of so often in war correspondence. Effective shelter trenches can be constructed in from eighteen minutes to half an hour, according to the nature of the ground and the skill of the men engaged in the work; and they have this advantage, that they can be continually improved, the trench being deepened, the parapet raised, and a ditch formed outside it, if the position is occupied long enough; so that what was at first a mere shelter trench gradually becomes a formidable line of earth-works. A trench is a very efficient protection against artillery fire, for unless the shells drop actually into it, or upon the parapet, the fragments are not likely to hurt the men crouching or lying down in it; and such accurate hits are rare, most of the projectiles falling a little behind or a little short of the line aimed at.

As a matter of actually killing and maiming a large number of the enemy, it is coming to be believed that the old artillery of Napoleon's days, used at close quarters—that is, at about four hundred yards—against heavy masses, was more deadly than the modern rifled gun. Artillery is now effective up to two thousand five hundred yards, and sometimes even beyond that range. Rifle fire generally begins at four hundred yards, though picked marksmen may be engaged at longer ranges. The ordinary fighting range of the rifle is thus now equal to that of the field-gun of thirty years ago, and the accuracy of the fire is increased in even a greater ratio. With the old musket the chances of a bullet finding a human billet were extremely uncertain. At one hundred yards there was a deviation of two feet to right or left, which at two hundred yards had increased to more than six feet. The average deviation of the Martini-Henry is about seven inches at three hundred yards, a little less than a foot at five hundred, and about twenty inches at eight hundred, or less than the error of the old musket at one hundred yards. Without aiming, a rapidity of fire equal to twenty-five shots per minute has been obtained with the Martini-Henry. How different from the weapons used in the Peninsula and at Waterloo!

ADRIANOPLE.

THIS ancient city, of which we give two engravings on page 128, was the objective point of the Russian commanders when their march toward the Balkan Mountains was arrested by the bold movements of OSMAN PASHA and the necessity of reducing the improvised stronghold of Plevna. From 1366 to 1453 it was the capital of the Turkish Empire, and is still second only to Constantinople in importance. The city lies on the Maritza River, about 135 miles from the present capital. The population before the exodus caused by the approach of the Russian forces was variously estimated from 80,000 to 140,000, about half of whom are Turks, 30,000 Bulgarians and Greeks, and the remainder Jews and Armenians.

Adrianople is virtually an open town, for although the old part is surrounded by a wall and contains a citadel, these are now useless as defenses. Recently more modern works have been constructed by the Turks, but only of a field, or at the most a provisional, type. And although the hollow roads, ditches, and garden walls without the city might have afforded great facilities for its defense, yet, such was the demoralization of the Turkish forces after the surrender of Plevna and the passage of the Balkans, it was evacuated without any show of resistance. No attempt had been made to fortify the surrounding heights, and the possession of these by an army provided with modern artillery would have made the city untenable.

The country around Adrianople is lovely, and the first view of the city from a distance is wonderfully charming. Within, however, the streets are narrow and irregular, the shelving roofs of many of the houses projecting so as to meet those on the opposite side. The bridge shown in our engraving is an ancient Roman structure. The city derives its name from the Emperor HADRIAN, by whom it was founded. It was at Adrianople that peace between Turkey and Russia was concluded in 1829; and now, unless the pending negotiations fail, the victorious Muscovite will, for the second time, exact severe terms from the defeated Turks within the walls of their ancient capital.

IN our article on Rapid Transit in the last Number of the Weekly we omitted to mention the fact that the contract for supplying Liquid Paints for the Gilbert Elevated Railroad has been awarded to the H. W. Johns Manufacturing Co. of this City. This is probably the largest contract ever made for painting any structure in the world.—[*Com.*]

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SHOULD an eruption occur in this volcano, and cause the destruction of one-half of the inhabitants who live in the vicinity, the remainder, who barely escape with their lives, immediately move back upon the half-cooled lava, and there live in constant fear of another eruption, foolishly fancying that the only tenantable portion of the earth rests within the shadow of the great volcano. This fairly illustrates the force of habit, and the persistency with which people cling to opinions when once formed. For example, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures incipient consumption, coughs, colds, and all affections of the liver and blood, yet some still depend upon physicians and remedies that have naught but repeated failures to which they can refer. And although Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is sold under a positive guarantee to cure those weaknesses peculiar to women, and notwithstanding that thousands of women bear testimony to its efficacy, and the truth of all statements made concerning it, many yet submit to the use of caustic and the knife. Again, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, no larger than mustard seeds, will positively cure constipation, where it is dependent upon dyspepsia or torpid liver; yet some still depend for relief upon the "blue pill" or huge doses of drastic cathartic medicine. In the face of such facts, can we wonder at the blindness of the poor Italians?—[*Com.*]

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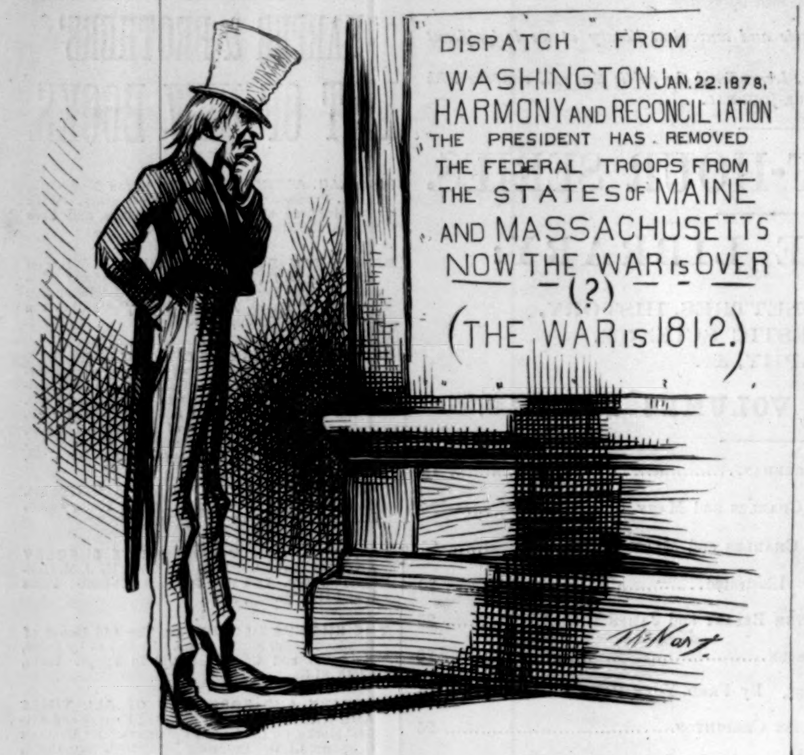

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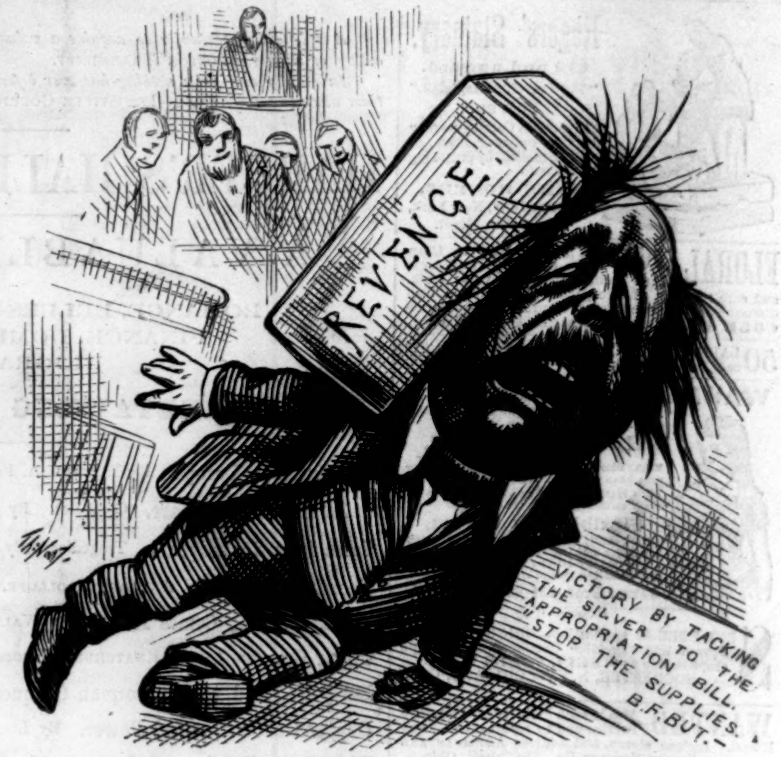
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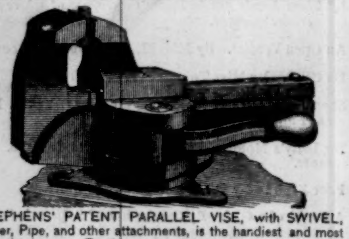

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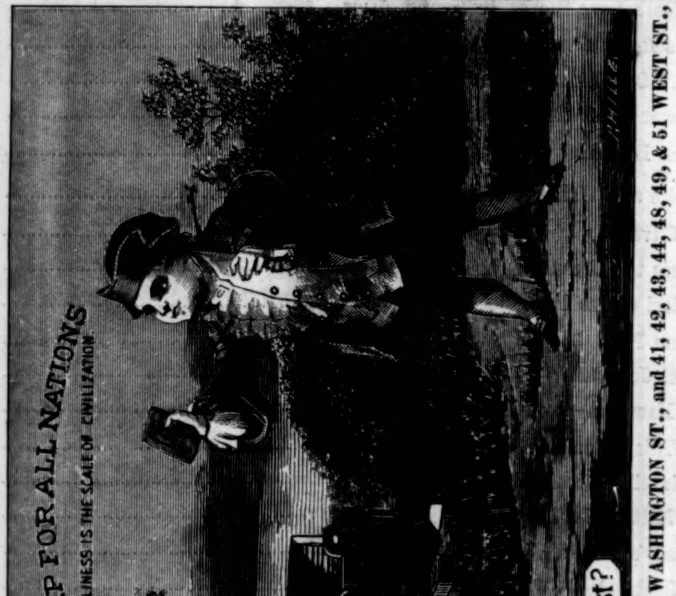

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ESAU'S CHOICE.

By MRS. CASHEL HOEY.

II.

THE next day Florence asked me if I had read the book she had brought home from the library at Sea End; and on my replying that I had not, she told me the story of the most melancholy of Mr. Anthony Trollope's fictions—with the exception of his *Macdermots of Ballycloran*—and asked me whether I could believe in such a tale as that of the hapless love and broken heart of Sir Harry Hotspur's daughter. I replied that I did not know whether to believe in the possibility of such a love and such a death or not; I had never been in love with any one, no one had ever been in love with me, and I had never seen with my own eyes any but the most ordinary and matter-of-fact love affairs, which had been decorously conducted to their proper conclusion in marriages to all appearance fairly fortunate. Afterward I thought, regretfully, that my reply might have checked a confidence which would have made it possible for me to speak to Mr. Brett about Florence's position with respect to Frank Harding.

Sunday came, and Florence looked out for Mrs. Dimsdale, but that lady did not attend either the morning or afternoon services, and Frank Harding once more suggested that she was probably a Dissenter. Then the matter dropped, and Florence forgot all about the handsome stranger. It was plain to me that the crisis of the girl's fate was approaching; that the vague and weak young man who, day by day, seemed to me less in earnest in any thing, was the master of Florence's heart, the hero of her imagination, and the arbiter of her destiny. Her father saw nothing of what was passing before his eyes, and I could not interfere. Mrs. Harding's covert but persistent disparagement of her husband's nephew no doubt assisted my perception of his faults, and my regret that Florence should have fixed her heart—a true and constant one, I believed *and feared*—upon him; and, in addition, I doubted whether the young man loved Florence even as well as it was in his nature to love. He admired her beauty, and he was flattered by the preference which she, the pride of the place and the favorite of all, accorded to him. He believed himself to be in love with her, I did not doubt; but even while I took myself to task for my presumption in judging a matter in which my ignorance was supreme, I had a conviction that the girl's utter innocence and simplicity, the piety, the frankness, the unworldliness of her, were not the qualities with which to hold Frank Harding, while they were precisely those to make her most susceptible of suffering and disappointment. At length the deceitful quiet of the domestic scene changed. Frank Harding proposed to Florence, and she accepted him, subject to her father's approval. The event came to Mr. Brett like a thunder-clap in a clear sky. He liked the young man, but he disliked the uncertainty of his position, and the inevitable long engagement which must precede a marriage. He would have liked the look of things still less had he known, what afterward came to our knowledge, that the explanation between the lovers had ensued on a violent quarrel between Frank Harding and his uncle, which ended in the young man's leaving the Chase, and taking lodgings at the Sea End. He was to go to London at the close of the long vacation, to "regularly go in for legal studies," and he was in the highest spirits. Mr. Harding refused to see him, but assured Mr. Brett that Florence was in no way concerned in the quarrel between himself and his nephew, and that "if Frank could only keep steady to it," his engagement to a good girl like Miss Brett might be the best thing that could befall him. Mrs. Harding said nothing at all, but I think she was secretly pleased by the quarrel between her husband and his nephew, and regarded herself as well rid of Frank's presence at the Chase.

The happiness of Florence was most affecting, as the summer-tide of the young always is, beautiful in its perfect trust and entire unworldliness. Out of the fullness of her heart the motherless girl would often speak to me, and I think no holier dreams of life, love, and duty ever filled any human heart. She was a picture to look at, and a poem to listen to, during those brief weeks. Frank Harding was, of course, a great deal at the Vicarage, and he described himself as "uncommonly jolly" in his lodgings at the Sea End. It appeared that he had made the acquaintance of Mrs. Dimsdale, and Florence was very curious to learn all about her. It was so odd she never came to church, and she did not seem to have any friends among the residents at Wensley. Frank could not explain these things. She was not of the church-going kind, he supposed, and she was much too "chic" for the Wensley people. He laughed at the mere idea of Mrs. Dimsdale's associating, for instance, with Mrs. Harding, of whom he spoke in any thing but respectful terms, and, it struck me, with an unreserve very unlike what his former manner had been.

"She hates me," he said, "and she's afraid of me, because I could always bring down a scolding upon her when I chose, no matter how vexed the governor was with myself. Maybe she wasn't glad when my uncle turned right down rusty with me—all about a trumpery debt, too. I can't think what has come over him lately. He never used to make a fuss about such things, but he's turned into a regular screw. You'll rub off all that rust, Flo', so it doesn't matter."

Mrs. Dimsdale evidently did not reciprocate Florence's curiosity and interest, for Frank Harding said nothing at all in answer to the broad hints which Florence gave him about her fancy to make the acquaintance of the handsome young widow. That she had seen Florence we knew; they had met at the circulating library and on the esplanade, and several times Mrs. Dimsdale and her groom had passed Florence's pony-carriage on the roads. It did not appear that Mrs. Dimsdale had ever betrayed a consciousness of the existence of the vicar's daughter; and I even fancied I soon perceived a certain reluctance on Frank's part to discuss her in any way with Florence.

"It is very odd," said Florence one day, when, after an unusually short stay at the Vicarage, Frank Harding had ridden away, on a horse which he had recently bought, and which he kept at the hotel stables, at the Sea End—"it is very odd that Frank does not seem at all shocked about Mrs. Dimsdale's not going to church, and not caring to have any acquaintance with the ladies here. He seems to admire her very much, though I can never get him to tell me what she is like in a room, or what she wears, and what she talks about; and yet she must be so unlike every thing he used to praise. I asked him yesterday if he thought she would take a few tickets for the opening of the Convalescent Home, and he merely laughed at me, and said, 'My dear child, you make me think of a trout on a gravel-walk by suggesting such a thing. Mrs. Dimsdale loathes the very idea of sick people and poor people.' She must be a very heartless person; don't you think so, Aunt Lucilla? I wish Frank did not know her, and I wish he would not laugh when he tells me such things. What would he think of *me*, if I never went to church, and could not bear to have any thing to do with sick people and poor people?"

There was a tremor in her voice I had never heard in it before, and a look of pain in her face which I had never seen there, and they both smote me to the heart. What could I say to her? How could I answer that most reasonable question which asked why her own chosen lover, who had also chosen her, should let her see that he could and did find an object of admiration in one who was her opposite? The innocent young girl could not define or disentangle her thoughts; vague surprise and keen pain were the most distinct of her feelings. She reminded me of some wounded creature, looking in bewilderment for "the bolt from the blue" which has stricken it, tearing the tender flesh and crippling the agile limbs. Her notion of enlisting Mrs. Dimsdale's sympathies for the Convalescent Home was one which could have occurred only to an inexperienced girl, but it served as well as any other to bring out the misgiving and the fear which had been lurking in her mind. A day or two later, Frank Harding did not come to the Vicarage at the usual hour, and on the following day he made a lame excuse for his absence. Mrs. Harding called while the lovers were out walking, and, being alone, was more communicative than usual. She informed me, watching me all the time, that Mr. Harding's nephew had been met at a considerable distance from Wensley, escorting on horseback the lady about whose looks and levity there was so much talk at the Sea End.

"I suppose you have seen her, Miss Brett?"

I answered that I had seen the lady on several occasions.

"I'm no judge, I suppose, of what people of her class ought to be like," Mrs. Harding continued; "and I only say I don't like the looks of her."

"What class does she belong to?"

"Oh, I mean your fashionable young widow sort of person. Not a scrap or sign of widowhood about her, you know, but just the most fashionable clothes that can be made in black materials; and very becoming they are, too. I shouldn't mind wearing black myself if I could have my dresses made like Mrs. Dimsdale's, and they became me as well. I saw her yesterday, coming out of the pavilion, and I do assure you she had on a suit of summer serge that I'm sure was made by a London tailor. And she looked at me as saucy and disdainful as you please."

"I suppose she is very handsome indeed, when you see her quite close. I have only caught sight of her face in passing."

"I dare say she is what most people would think very handsome," replied Mrs. Harding, with a certain feeble grudgingness which I have noticed more than once in the manner of faded women, much given to thinking about their own looks, toward younger women of the vivid, vivacious, and vigorous order; "but I don't care for such very regular features and such very black eyes, and for mountains of jet-black hair piled up on the top of the head, like hers. And I don't admire that very free-and-easy and independent way. She came out of the pavilion as if the whole place belonged to her, talking some foreign gibberish—French, I suppose—to her maid, and jerking the chain of her poor little dog in such a spiteful way. A cruel woman, I'm sure, Miss Brett; and, more by token, there was Frank a little way down the esplanade, leaning over the sea-wall, and waiting for her. I saw him and he saw me. I thought he was always due here at twelve o'clock?"

"He used to come pretty regularly at that hour," I answered; "but since he left the Chase he has not been at all so punctual to his reading hours, at all events."

"I dare say not," said Mrs. Harding. "He's not be trusted; he doesn't know himself, half his time, what it is he really wants to be after. If all I hear be true, he has never been so hot on any thing as on this new flirtation with this Mrs. Dimsdale, whom nobody knows any thing about. If it comes to his uncle's ears, it will widen the breach considerably."

That Mrs. Harding desired nothing more ardently than the widening and durability of the breach I fully believed, and felt certain that the present conduct of Frank, however it was to be interpreted, would come to the knowledge of his uncle through the indirect instrumentality of Mrs. Harding, supposing that she could not venture to report it directly.

"Florence is a sweet dear," Mrs. Harding continued, "and I wish she may be able to manage Frank Harding. I don't hold with the notion that the best of girls is only just good enough for any ne'er-do-weel of a man, and ought to be content to be set down for life to make things comfortable for him. Do you, Miss Brett?"

"Certainly not," I replied, considerably surprised to hear such bold and independent sentiments expressed by the insipid little woman, of whom I now began to think that her customary inanity might be not so much real as the result of her having recognized in it by experience the best way of "managing" Mr. Harding. "But I know nothing about love and lovers myself, and I dare say Florence is quite aware that Frank admires Mrs. Dimsdale. For that matter, she admires her very much herself."

Mrs. Harding gave me a sharp glance, and then said, in her most inane and listless manner: "Times have changed since I was young; but I know I should not have liked that kind of thing if I had been engaged to a young man."

I made no further comment, and Mrs. Harding soon after took leave. In the drive she met Florence and her husband's nephew, but she passed them with a bow. When Florence came in I noticed that she was very pale, and that there was a frightened look in her face. . No change had come in her sweet, gentle household ways, and her father did not notice that any thing was amiss with his daughter. Two more days went by, and Frank Harding did not come to the Vicarage; then Florence's courage failed her, and she spoke to me.

"Aunt Lucilla," she said, "you are watching me, and there's something in your eyes like what there might have been in my mother's if she had lived. What is it you want to know?"

"I want to know what it is you fear, Florence."

"I can not tell." She was moving restlessly about the little morning-room, which had been almost entirely made over to me. "There's a great dread over me; I feel as if all my life were slipping from my grasp, as if something strong, cruel, and pitiless were fighting with me for all I have in the world. Oh, Aunt Lucilla, do you think Frank ever, ever loved me? Was it all a mistake? Did he deceive himself before this beautiful woman came and bewitched him?"

"I am sure he loved and loves you, dear," I said. How could I say otherwise, even thus conjured, seeing the distress in the face which had grown suddenly wan, and the yearning in the nut-brown eyes which had suddenly ceased to sparkle? "If any thing has come between you, it is only a misunderstanding, and you must have it cleared up and put aside. You know the proverb about lovers' quarrels."

"We have had no quarrel—no quarrel at all; but he is leaving me: I feel it, I know it; he can not deceive me. His voice is not the same, his eyes are not the same, his heart is not the same. And it is only six weeks! Ah me! only six weeks—such a short time to have been happy! so very, very happy! It is only six weeks since he told me I was all the world to him; and we planned out our future life together; and I gave him your silver purse, and he gave me this." She touched a ring upon her engaged finger, as she went on with all the garrulity of grief which has at last found utterance. "And now there is something over him. I am frightened when he is with me, and wretched when he is away; and I can not speak to him. I know he is constantly with Mrs. Dimsdale—with the lady who is so unlike me; and even when he is with me he is thinking of her, and all he says to me now is only an imitation and an effort."

The innocence and simplicity of the girl had stood her in stead of wisdom, and revealed the truth to her.

"Was it all a dream, Aunt Lucilla?—nothing but a delusion? Don't—don't say it was; I could bear it better if there was a little truth in it, if I had something left in the past."

"It was no delusion, but this is. Whatever it is that has come between you and Frank Harding will be cleared up, and all will be right again." Thus spoke I in my inexperience. "You are only boy and girl, and you do not understand one another."

"That is not it—that is not it," said Florence. "I am not wrong in this, Aunt Lucilla; I know he is changed, I know he loves me no longer; and what can be the cause but what I say?" She paused as the time-piece rung out seven o'clock, and made a great effort to recover her composure. "I must go down and give papa his tea. How strange it is that he does not notice—his—absence!" Already the name which had been so constantly on her lips had grown difficult of utterance. "You will let me talk to you again, Aunt Lucilla? I want advice from you." Then she ran hurriedly down stairs, and left me sorely grieved by what she had told me, and penetrated with a conviction that her instinct was true, and disaster was ahead. Presently I heard the vicar's voice below, and was about to go down in my turn when the rapid trot of a horse in the avenue caused me to pause at the staircase window and look out, just as a groom rode up to the door and handed in a letter.

"What is it, papa?" Florence was saying when I reached the dining-room. "No bad news, I hope?"

"Very bad news, Flo. Mr. Harding has been brought home from the railway station in a fit, and Mrs. Harding begs me to go to the Chase immediately."

"There's a line on the cover," I said, picking an envelope up from the floor: "'Take the bearer's horse.' This is urgent indeed."

Mr. Brett rode off immediately, but we detained the groom to ask him a few questions. The man had not seen his master, and in fact knew nothing more than the letter contained.

"Has Mr. Frank Harding been sent for?" I inquired.

"Yes, ma'am; I had orders to go to his lodgings first, but he is not there, and I made sure I should find him here."

"He is not here," I said; and then, remembering the urgency of the case, and seeing that Florence had turned away, I added, "You might perhaps find him at No. 12 Sea-foam Terrace—he has friends there."

The man was a well-trained servant, but nevertheless his thanks for the information were uttered with an unpleasantly intelligent smile.

Only a few desultory remarks were exchanged between Florence and myself as we sat waiting for the vicar's return. When three hours had passed I persuaded Florence, who was looking exceedingly ill, to go to her room, promising to take her the news myself.

It was after midnight when Mr. Brett returned, and I opened the hall door to him. He was very pale, and a look at his face was enough.

"He is gone," said the vicar, in a whisper. "He never recovered consciousness, and died an hour ago."

I fulfilled my promise to Florence, and then went down again to the vicar's study. He had a good deal to tell about the scene he had just witnessed; and in conclusion he said,

"Frank was there, but he avoided me in a very strange way; and Ringrose, the solicitor, who came down with poor Harding from Liverpool, tells me he thinks Frank's chance under the will is a very poor one."

III.

Events moved quickly now. Between Mr. Harding's death and his funeral Frank came but once to the Vicarage, and then Florence saw very little of him; he was with Mr. Brett in his study most of the time. Afterward I knew that the conference related to the circumstances of Frank's quarrel with his uncle, and to his apprehensions that he might find Mr. Harding's previous intentions revoked. His best chance of this not being the case was, he freely admitted, his engagement with Florence. His uncle had heartily liked the vicar's daughter, and had regarded her influence as the most hopeful means of "steadying" Frank. It was not pleasant to Mr. Brett, unworldly as he was, and little as he knew of the sort of thing that was implied by it, to find that Frank had been held by his uncle to need "steadying." And his interview with the young man rendered him uncomfortable and observant. I noticed him looking often and anxiously at Florence during those days, and an expression at once sad and puzzled came into his face.

Florence said no more to me in the strain of the confidence which had been wrung from her by pain. During those days she went about the house, pale and silent, like one under a doom. The day fixed for the funeral arrived; the will was to be read afterward, and Mrs. Harding had invited Mr. Brett to be present. From the upper windows of the Vicarage Florence and I witnessed the funeral; Wensley Church stood on the rising ground to the right, and a path led to it from the vicar's shrubberies. We could see the group collected around the grave, Frank Harding conspicuous among its members. When they began to disperse, Florence silently left me. Her father returned to the Vicarage in a couple of hours, alone, and asked for Florence; but on hearing that she was in her room, he said,

"It is just as well; she will know soon enough, and I am glad to consult you. The will was read, and Frank's fears are realized. Mr. Harding has left the whole of his property of every description to his wife, and at her absolute disposal. There are a few legacies to public charities and to servants, but except in those instances no name but that of his wife occurs in the will."

"How extraordinary, and how unjust after all the expectations he allowed his nephew to indulge! When was the will made?"

"It is quite recent, made not a month ago—made, no doubt, under the influence of his anger with Frank; and I dare say as that cooled, the poor man thought he would alter the will some day; that there was plenty of time to undo at leisure that which he had done in haste."

"How did Frank behave on the occasion?"

"Oddly; he was very silent and absent, and got away as soon as he could. Mrs. Harding sent for me, and so I had no talk with Frank. No doubt he will be here by-and-by."

"This is a dreadful thing for him and for Florence. They can not marry now for who can tell how long. Unless, indeed, Mrs. Harding does something handsome for Frank, as I should think she would. She must know what he has fairly expected, and at least have surmised that his uncle's anger would not be so ruinously permanent."

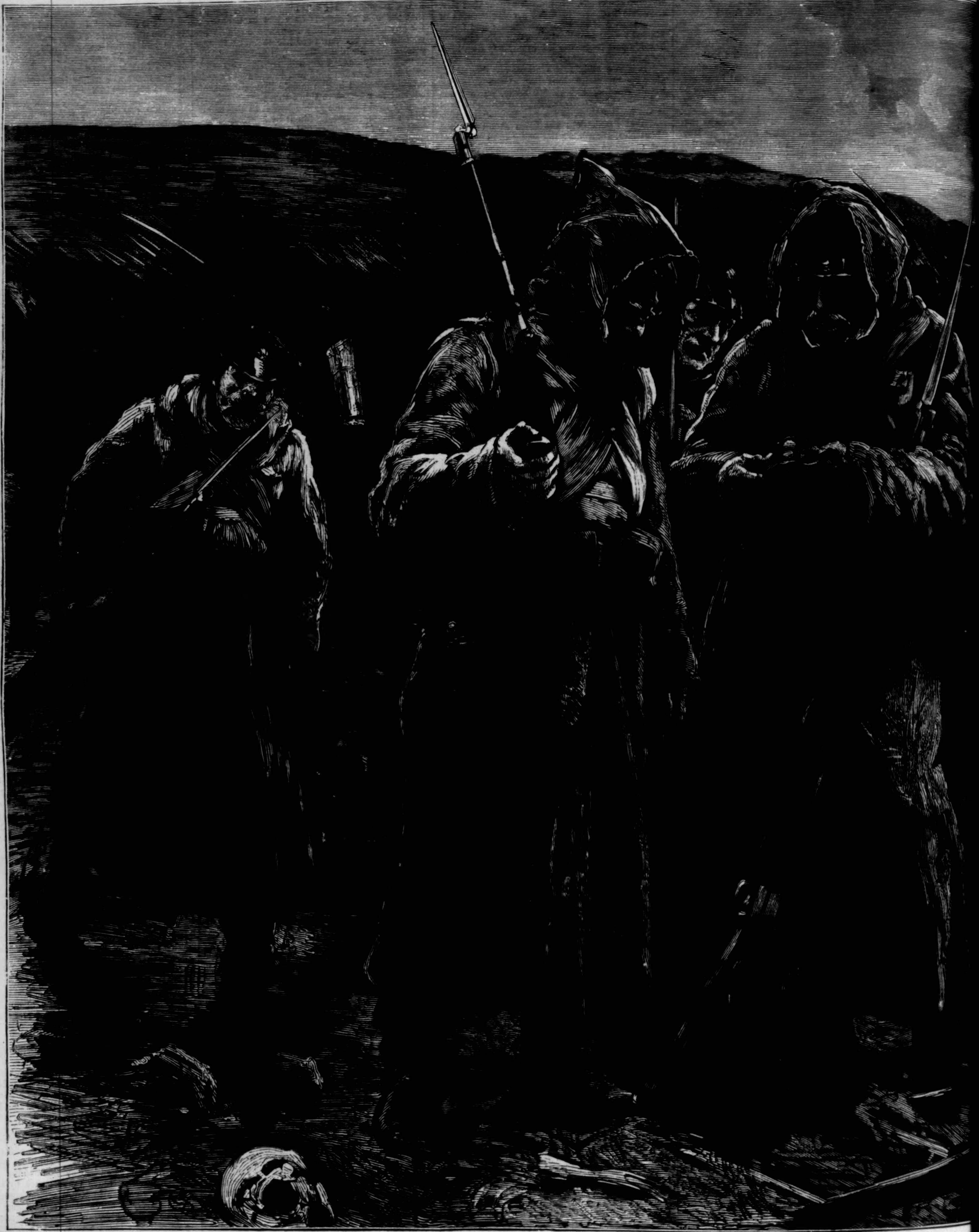
The vicar shook his head.

"I don't think Mrs. Harding will do much for Frank. She said nothing decisive, and all she did say made me aware that she does not like him, and has a fixed bad opinion of him. I can not tell you how much I was struck by the extraordinary change in Mrs. Harding herself. It seems hardly possible that any woman could have so thoroughly realized her independence in so surprisingly short a time, but there certainly was nothing left of her silly and timid manner. We shall hear nothing more for some days, I presume. And now, Lucilla, would you mind telling Florence this bad news; I feel knocked up."

I undertook the task, feeling that Florence would not suffer from this complication at all so much as her father feared. I was right: she took the communication calmly, and while expressing her sorrow for Frank Harding's disappointment, did so with a strange severance of herself from the future of the matter, which struck me painfully. The hopefulness and the girlishness had vanished from her face and manner.

"He will tell me about this, himself, I suppose," she said, "and it will make things easier for him in one respect."

I did not ask her in what respect, but left



THE REALITY OF WAR—COMRAD

her, brooding and downcast. Frank Harding did not come at all that day, and before it closed another link was added to the speedily forming chain of events. Just at dusk a visitor to Mr. Brett on particular business was announced, and proved to be Mrs. Wheeler, the owner of No. 12 Sea-foam Terrace.

The interview was a long one, and when Mrs. Wheeler went away, the vicar, instead of joining Florence and myself in the drawing-room, sent for me. Florence availed herself of this summons to retire to her room. I found Mr. Brett pacing his study with evident discomposure. "Lucilla," he said, "I am in a difficulty, and I want you to help me. I have had an unpleasant communication from Mrs. Wheeler, and it has made me aware that I have been too easy and too careless where Florence's interests and her future are concerned."

"What has she told you?"

He replied with a question: "Have you ever seen a Mrs. Dimsdale, who it seems has occupied Mrs. Wheeler's house at the Sea End since the beginning of July?"

"I have frequently seen her, and Florence and I have often talked about her."

"Ay, ay; I did not notice," said Mr. Brett, drearily recognizing his own absent-mindedness. "It appears that Mrs. Wheeler let her house to this lady without making any inquiries, tempted, very naturally, by a liberal tenant who wanted no improvements and gave her no trouble. Mrs. Dimsdale is a handsome woman with plenty of money, and has made herself conspicuous in many ways at Wensley—so much so that I can not help wondering I have not seen or heard any thing of it."

Nobody else would have found any thing to be surprised at in that circumstance, but I did not put it so to Mr. Brett.

"She had no friends here, and her servants, strange to say, did not gossip about her. She has made acquaintance with several people, in general not residents, and chiefly men; it seems she has been judiciously shy of ladies."

"Or they of her, perhaps?"

"No, I think not. Mrs. Wheeler has made up for her first incautiousness by collecting an extraordinary number of details concerning her tenant up to the present; and I think she has made no attempt to get into the society of ladies here."

"Is the handsome widow ineligible, then?"

"The handsome widow, my dear cousin, is not a widow at all; and, moreover, she has never called herself so. No Mr. Dimsdale accompanied her to Wensley,
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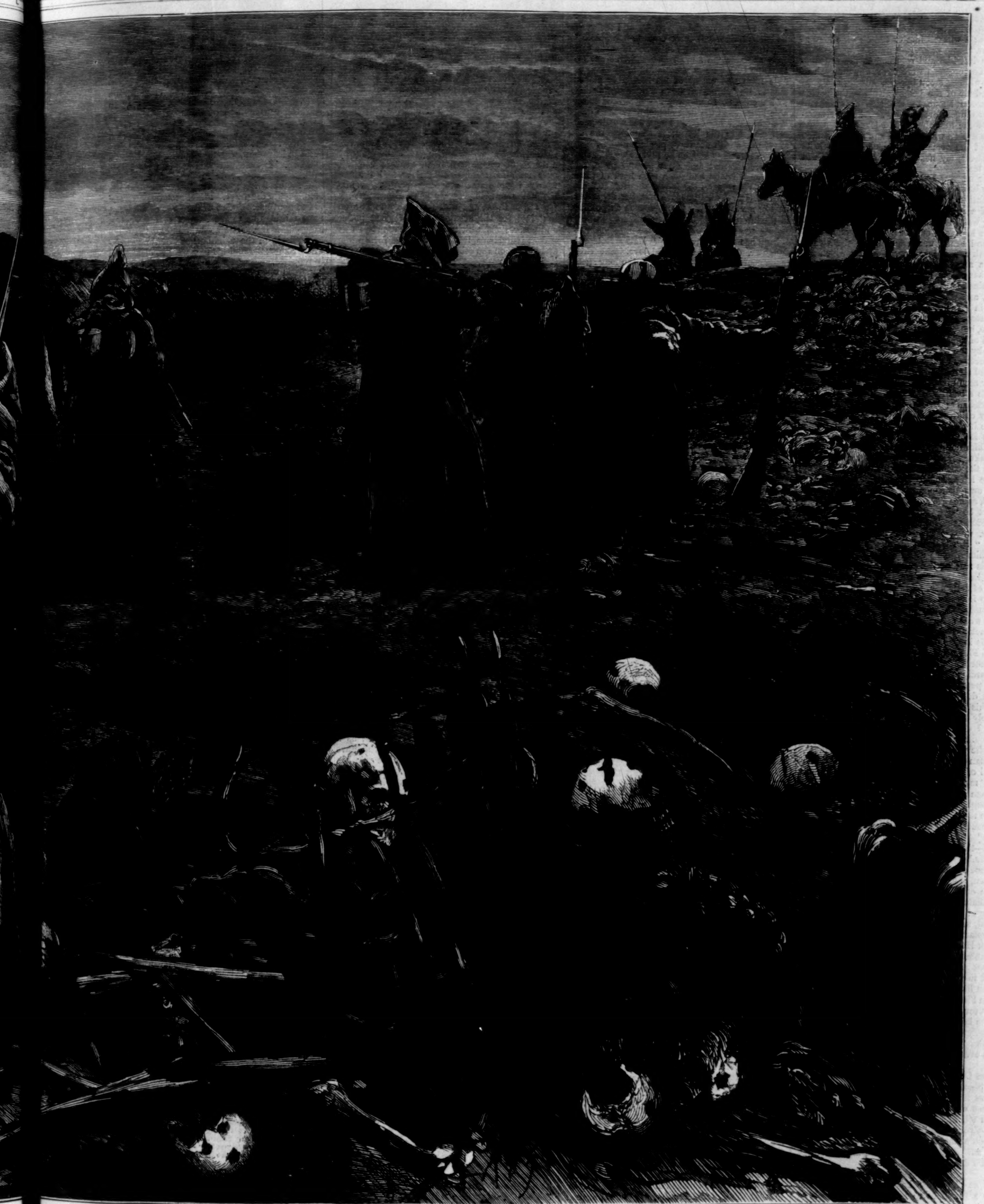

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Wheeler said it was
ue,' was the girl's

reply; 'we furnished her trousseau, and I tried on her wedding gown myself.' So, you see, there's no doubt about who Mrs. Dimsdale is."

"Why should she call herself Dimsdale?"

"Who knows? She may call herself by any name she pleases, and this avoids either her husband's or the other man's. But you will wonder why Mrs. Wheeler should have brought this wretched story to me? It is because she thought I ought to know, and believed that I should never find out, that the lady is to be seen every day, and at all hours of the day, in the company of Frank Harding, and that it is reported that she means to marry him. Mrs. Wheeler knows that Frank Harding and Florence are engaged, and so she considered it her duty to let me know the facts and the rumors. Now, Lucilla, your eyes have been open while mine have been shut, and you must advise me. What do you think about this? Can it be possible that Frank Harding is such a worthless cur as this would make him out; that he is false to my child before they are three months engaged, and that he puts an open affront upon us for a woman like this one?"

It was hard to tell the vicar that I did believe all this; but I had to tell him so; and then I acknowledged to him that Florence was disturbed at Frank Harding's recent bearing, and that I believed she would not be found unprepared for any thing her father might think it right to do in the matter. There was something pathetic in the vicar's wonderment that this home drama could have been going on before his eyes unseen by him, and in his pain for the motherless girl thus wounded in her first young love. I took a less dark view of the matter, in my unromantic lack of experience, than he did.

"I dare say this horrid woman has captivated him," I said; "that she has turned his head by the very contrast of her lawlessness with the purity and the goodness of her who is undeniably much too good for Frank—indeed, for any man I know, for that matter. When he finds out who she is, he will be ashamed of himself."

"He knows well enough who she is," said the vicar; "or else why has he never named her to or before me? Besides, does it not all show that this young man is no fitting mate for my sweet girl?"

"She loves him, and she will never mate with any other."

"Ah!" sighed the vicar, "I might have taken better care of my Mabel's child! However"—he seated himself at his bureau—"I suppose I must have it out with Frank Harding. I will write and tell him to come to me to-morrow. It had